

IN THIS • Admiral Schley : James Ball Naylor : Lylie O.
NUMBER • Edwin Markham : Carrie Hunt Latta : Sam Walter

JANUARY

The Way to the North Pole,
BY CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY

10 CENTS

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

EDITED BY JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE.



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UNITED STATES SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER OF WISCONSIN

Indiana, like West Virginia, is represented in the senate by native Ohioans, but just by the way of proving that the Hoosier state can produce senators, she gave Spooner to Wisconsin and Clapp to Minnesota. Senator Spooner was Major Spooner when the Civil war closed. At the close of his first term in the senate, he was the acknowledged leader of his party on the floor and one of its most valued counsellors. He will be re-elected this winter. Wisconsin is proud of his great ability and national fame



Jesus Christ

By EDWIN MARKHAM,
Author of "The Man With the Hoe," etc.

Jesus, savior of men — the one
most evident hero and leader of
the race. Fraternity, the human
need, which he lived to reveal
and died to vindicate — fraternity,
the essence of all gospels and
the fulfillment of all revelations.

Edwin Markham

West New Brighton,

N.Y.

December, 1902.

The Sailor's Christmas at Sea

By REAR ADMIRAL W. S. SCHLEY, U. S. N.

THE RICHMOND,
WASHINGTON, D. C.,
Nov. 25th, 1902.

You have asked me for a Christmas sentiment for the National Magazine, and in reply I would say there is no class of our citizens whose lives separate them more from the pleasures and joys of this blessed season in our homes than the noble and loyal American sailors. The day never passes with them, wherever they may be, without precious memories of these at home gathered around the Christmas festivities. I have seen many a silent tear steal down the bronzed cheek of noble sailors in exile on public duty when some one at home had remembered this day in his hard life. And I have heard many a "God bless" the dear ones at home as the sun rose upon those whose tables bore the best dishes that the cook's ingenuity could compound from the ration provided.

It is not easy to feel satisfied with little on that day when all the world rejoices in much, but the sailor by hard years of discipline has learned to fast when there is little and to feast only when there is plenty.

May the feast of Christmas this year be more enjoyed by him and by us as an era of peace and good will throughout the world. This is the best Christmas gift of all.

Very truly yours,

W. S. SCHLEY.

THE SAILOR'S CHRISTMAS AT SEA

[The Rear Admiral's letter in facsimile.]

The Richmond
Washington D.C.

Dear Mr. Putnam

Nov. 25th. 1862

You have asked me for a Christmas sentiment for the National Magazine, and in reply I would say there is no class of our citizens whose lives separate them more from the pleasures and joys of this blessed season in our homes than the noble and loyal American sailor; The day never passes with them wherever they may be, without precious memories of their at home gathered around the Christmas festivities; I have seen many a silent tear steal down the rugged cheek of some sailor as while on public duty when some one at home had remembered this day in his hard life; And I have heard many a "God bless the

draw near to home as the sun to
 the happy day rose upon those whose
 tables bore the best viands that the
 course of humanity could command from
 the nation provided:

It is not easy to feel satisfied
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 the Sailors by hard years of dis-
 tress have learned to fast when
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 as an era of peace and good will
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Very truly Yours

W. H. W. W.

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Affairs at Washington *By Joe Mitchell Chapple*

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is seriously considering the advisability of putting away his rifles, hunting knives and buckskin clothing until he leaves the White House. If he abandons the chase for the time being, it will not be because he loves the sport less than of yore, but because he does not wish to figure in the future as the central character in a wild west performance.

"From the pictures in the papers," said the President shortly after his return from the Mississippi bear hunt, "one who did not know the facts would suppose that I always go hunting accompanied by a brigade of writers and a battery of photographers. The truth of the matter is that I'd go absolutely alone if I could."

"On the Mississippi trip I was in the hands of my friends and had nothing to do with the arrangements at the camp. Had I been conducting the hunt myself, I might, perhaps, have managed some things a little differently. In the first place, as soon as I reached the camp, I discovered that my hosts did not look upon me as an able-bodied man perfectly willing to rough it with them at any stage of the game. They had an idea that I ought to be kept packed in cotton wool, and there was a constant fear in their

minds that if they spoke in a loud tone of voice or made an unguarded movement I would fall off my pedestal and be broken in three or four pieces. They were exceedingly solicitous about my health and insisted upon having a floor built for the tent in which I slept. I was a good deal more anxious to have a bear than that floor.

"It took about half the time down there to convince my friends that I was just a plain, ordinary hunter very anxious for results and not at all afraid of the night air. But I had a splendid time, even if I did not get a bear, and am very glad indeed that I made the trip. The next time I go hunting there or anywhere else, I shall take more time. Luck often counts against a hunter very much in a short space of time, but it is bound to equalize itself eventually. It is the same with almost everything else; the element of luck will strike an average in the long run."

Robert H. Hazard, of Washington, reporting the President's trip for the National, says life at the hunting camp on the Little Sunflower was made as simple as possible when the President's entertainers became convinced of

his desire in that direction. Big Ben Johnson and Swint Pope attended to the cooking and waited on the table. Wallace Freeman, a third colored man, watched the horses and incidentally stood guard out on the trail to repel the invasions of uninvited photographers and newspaper men who were bent on "catching" the President in rustic garb. Several parties of these gentlemen started for the camp from Smedes, Valley Park and Vicksburg, but none reached the goal. One expedition that planned to storm the citadel by water came to an ignominious conclusion with its boat on a sand bar. The only party that even came within sight of the camp experienced a change of heart and turned back when they "met up" with Wallace Freeman and his Winchester.

Swint Pope, mentioned above, is the magistrate or justice of the Smedes district, and, during his employment as cook by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, president of the Illinois Central, made out several "informations" against Mr. Fish's railroad. Pope has given general satisfaction in his official position to both whites and blacks. It is said in the neighborhood that no white man could be found to do the work as satisfactorily for the same pay.

The hunters started out from camp each morning shortly after day-break and stuck to the trails until two or three o'clock in the afternoon, when they returned for lunch. The President was usually the last to come in. The party would probably have bagged more than

MADAME WU, THE WIFE OF THE FORMER MINISTER FROM CHINA, WITH LITTLE GEORGE WASHINGTON, THE SON OF SHEN TUNG, AN OFFICER OF THE CHINESE EMBASSY AT WASHINGTON

Photograph by the Illustrated Press Association.



the three bears they did get had they not all been so exceedingly anxious for the President's success. Two or three of the hunters had opportunities to shoot at specimens of the game but refrained in the hope that President Roosevelt would get a shot.

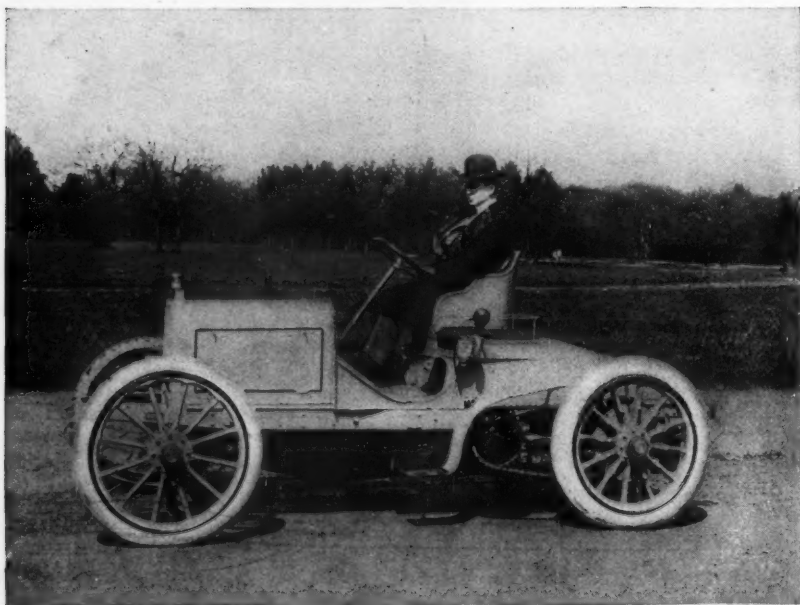
If the other members of the party had any lingering doubts of the President's ability to take care of himself, they must have been thoroughly convinced of their error on the day camp was abandoned. As upon the twelve-mile journey to camp, the return to Smedes, where the President's train was side-tracked, was made on horseback. President Roosevelt headed the cavalcade. Seven or eight miles of the way led through thickets where the trail plunged into ravines, through bayous, and under masses of overhanging pines that seemed bent on dragging the horsemen from their saddles. Beginning at a trot, the President soon increased his horse's speed to a hard gallop, then to a "dead run." The others strung out behind him like the tail of a comet.

—
Out of the first reach of woods rushed

the lengthening troop, and pounded along the road to Kelso, by cotton fields, by gin houses, by negro shanties. Kelso was reached and passed, and into the woods again dashed the flying squadron, brushing aside or dodging branches that threatened to sweep them from their mounts, making gallant efforts to maintain their seats as the horses slipped, stumbled or leaped trees—and all straining every nerve to keep up with the big white figure ahead, whose flapping coat and waving arms made him resemble some huge bird scudding through the trees.

Smedes was reached forty minutes after the start from camp. The trip usually takes more than two hours. The horses looked as though they had been dipped in the river, and most of the party were gasping for breath. The President, however, was apparently as

W. K. VANDERBILT JR. IN HIS RACING AUTOMOBILE Photograph by the Hearst Syndicate
As in ballooning and other branches of advanced engineering science, the French are ahead of the rest of the world in the manufacture of automobiles—of racing automobiles, at any rate. Mr. Vanderbilt races in a French machine and has driven it many miles at a pace close to 60 miles an hour.



fresh as when he started on that break-neck ride. "I've had a splendid time," he exclaimed, "I wish I could take a ride that like every day."

messages that are flashed to all parts of the world. To the left is a small anteroom, where reigns Captain Loeffler, the veteran door-keeper of the Presi-

President Roosevelt is now hard at work in his new office. It is a plain, unpretentious, one-story brick building, painted severely white and located at the end of the old White House conservatory, around which so much romance clusters.

A first impression on entering the building is that it is the business office of a prosperous American corporation. While it has the aspect of a business office, it nevertheless does not seem at all in proportion to the requirements of the executive offices of our great government. It suggests one of those temporary offices erected for the World's Fair and other such expositions—"for present use only." The entrance is from the South side, and the large vestibule has an oval ceiling well lighted. Around the large circular table and on the lounges on either side of the room are a large number of visitors every day from nine a. m. until one p. m., the time recognized as the "office hours" of the President, and the scenes suggested the waiting room of a prominent lawyer or physician.

At the right is a room in which is a heavy table very much the shape of an egg. Upon this table the press representatives write the

MRS. J. H. HAMPSON, OF THE CITY OF MEXICO

Mrs. Hampson is said to be the most beautiful woman in the American colony at the Mexican capitol. She is a former Baltimore girl, is a graduate of Mt. Vernon Seminary and was barely out of school when she married Mr. Hampson, who is president of the Mexican, Cuernavaca & Pacific Railroad. Although a social favorite, Mrs. Hampson is more devoted to her two children, a boy of four and a tiny girl, than to society.



dent, who has served in that capacity since the time of President Grant. In the pigeon holes of his oak roll-top desk are the cards of the visitors and a schedule of the official appointments for the day.

Leading directly out of this room is the President's private office occupying the northeast corner of the building,

MISS ELIZABETH TYREE

She will make her debut as a star in "Gretna Green" at the Madison Square theater, New York City, under the direction of Henry B. Harris

Photograph by Sarony



overlooking the Potomac and affording a very good view of the White House grounds. Adjoining this room, and through large double doors, is the cabinet room. The walls of both rooms are finished with olive tapestry with olive curtains to match hung from solid brass rods. The fire-place, built of Colonial brick and trimmed with red sandstone, looked cosy and inviting. The

only picture in the room was a photograph of the ill-fated Maine in a circular steel frame. The old hickory logs in the fireplace were ready for lighting; but the most noticeable feature of the furnishings of the executive fireplace was a very red brush to keep the fireplace in order. Even the bristles of this remarkable brush were of the hue which calls to mind the colors of the President's college, Harvard. The table in this room is of mahogany—solid, massive. At each side of the President's chair are four large drawers, perhaps eighteen inches by three feet, filled with blank stationery. It was at this desk and on this stationery that the notes for this article were written.

The chair in which the President sits when at work is very plain—cane seat and back, with an adjustable revolving apparatus, so that he can spin around and talk in all directions at the same time. On this day the President's desk was entirely clear, as he was at that time "hunting for bear" in the wilds of Mississippi. Calendars flank either side of the fireplace, in which Sundays and the holiday, November 27, were emblazoned

CONGRESSMAN JOSEPH G. CANNON OF ILLINOIS, WHO WILL SUCCEED DAVID B. HENDERSON OF IOWA AS SPEAKER OF THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Photograph by the Illustrated Press association



MINNIE ASHLEY, PRIMA DONNA WITH "THE COUNTRY GIRL"

Photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio



in the favorite lurid red. In the center of the desk is a square box for papers, used to round up the important documents of the day. The only book on the desk was a report from the War department, bound in morocco and marked "The President," a recent offering from the Secretary of War. There are two settees and several large chairs covered with olive leather. It may be well to note that these are of horse hide.

The floor of the room is of hard wood covered with a handsome Oriental rug (made in America;) and it is a curious fact that there is only one rocking chair in the entire executive offices, and that

is located very near the President's desk.

In the ceiling of the cabinet room there is a beautiful cluster of twenty electric lights, surmounted by a reflector of brass, and this is pointed out as one of the artistic points of the new White House offices.

The cabinet table is large enough to admit the placing of ten chairs about it. The President sits at the head next to the folding doors. The fireplace in this room is the same as that in the President's rooms, of red sandstone and Colonial brick. A few other modest seeming cane-seated chairs were in this room,—strangely out of keeping with the massive leather furniture.

Adjoining the President's room is the office of Secretary Cortelyou, furnished in the same business-like way as that of the President, and next to his is a small, but "well chaired" anteroom, which is the first stage in the progress of those who desire to see the President, except for the senators, members of con-

gress and members of the cabinet, who go directly into the room from Captain Loeffler's office.

On the South side of the vestibule is the telegraph and telephone office, where Colonel Montgomery presides, as busy in peace as in war. The busy click of the instruments at all hours of the day indicates that Uncle Sam is doing business every minute as time goes on.

The remaining room of the business offices of the United States of America is occupied by the White House executive clerk. His force consists of about fifteen stenographers, all provided with

Photograph copyrighted, 1902, by Clineinst

THE PRESIDENT READING HIS ANNUAL MESSAGE TO THE CABINET.

Wilson

Shaw

Root

Hitchcock

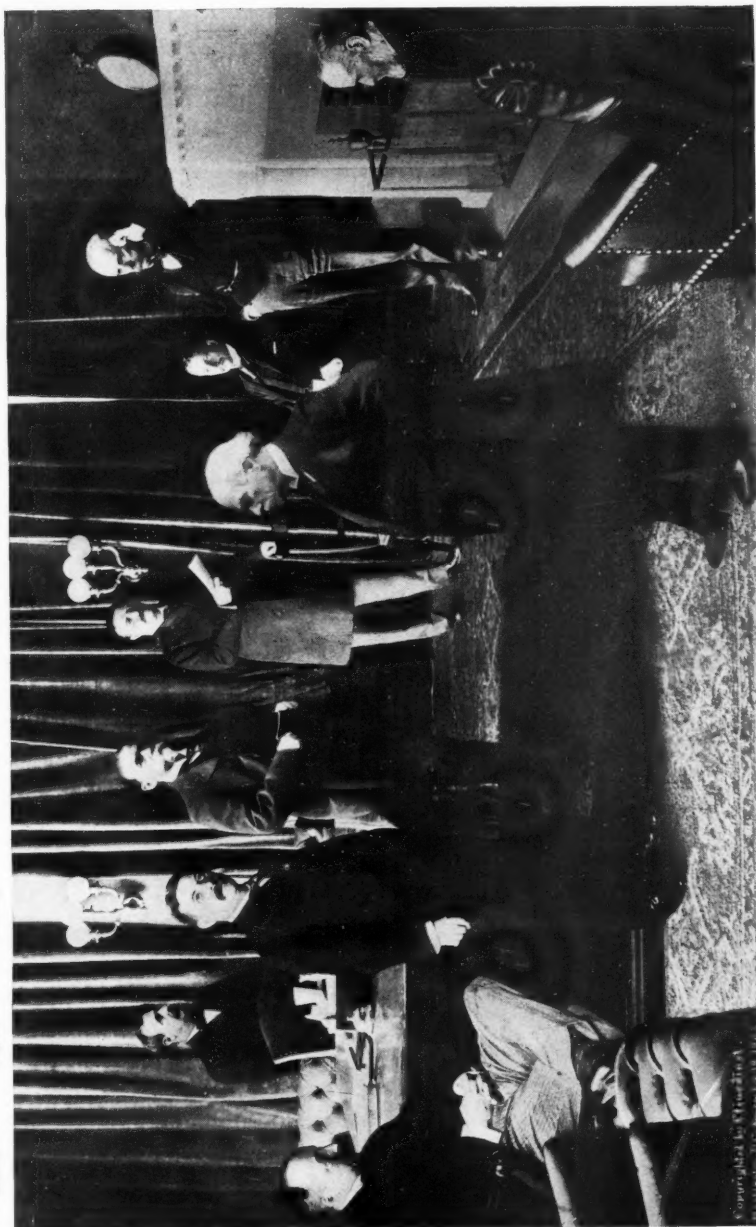
Roosevelt

Hay

Moody

Payne

Knox



Copyrighted by Clineinst

new desks, and who are kept very busy the White House offices at every mail by answering the letters which pour into the wagon load. It was interesting to

MISS MARION CORLETT HALLETT, WINNER OF THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE SCHOLARSHIP AT OREAD INSTITUTE, WORCESTER, MASS.



watch the clerks opening the mail for the President. The handwriting of the various addresses was a study. I noticed the scribbling, scrawling hand of the school boy; next I could fancy that of some pert boarding school miss; then the typewritten business letters, on some of which the President's title was abbreviated to "Pres.," showing the haste and brevity of the average American business man.

It is also interesting to look over the large accumulation of foreign mail that arrives by nearly every steamer. It may not be known that the President has a large number of foreign correspondents, and inasmuch as his franking privileges do not extend beyond the bounds of the country which he represents, I fear a great many of these letters remain unanswered, because if there is any one thing more than another characteristic of the present government, above all others, it is its business-like methods. As stated before, it has the suggestion of a prosperous corporation that anticipates very shortly increasing its business to such extent as to necessitate more commodious and permanent quarters.

It was almost pathetic to walk from this building and notice the absence of the White House conservatory,

UNITED STATES SENATOR JOSEPH ROSWELL HAWLEY OF CONNECTICUT

Although his term does not expire until 1905, General Hawley probably will never again occupy his seat in the senate. He has already served there with distinction for a period of twenty-two years. His long illness is of such a nature that his physicians offer no hope of ultimate recovery, and his resignation from office is among the probabilities. As lawyer, editor, volunteer soldier, governor, president of the Republican national convention (1868), president of the Centennial Commission, congressman and senator, General Hawley has served his state and his country with distinguished zeal and intelligence. He was born in North Carolina and served in the Union army during the Civil war.



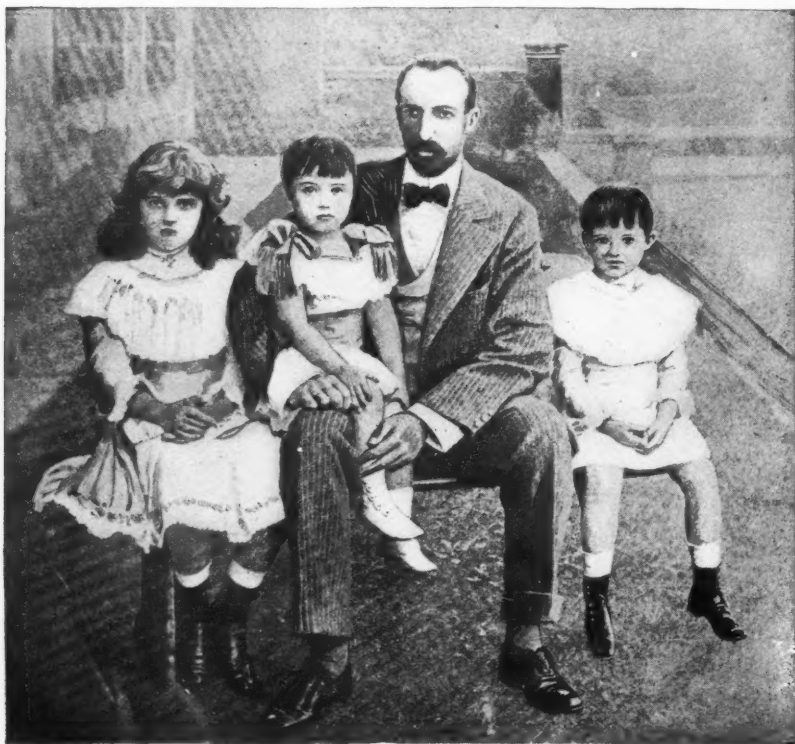
one of the loved landmarks of the history of the nation, for in that conservatory during presidential receptions in times past I have heard of many a romantic episode. Beneath the witching reflections of the electric lights, and in the shadows of the luxurious waving palms, I fancy there has been many a "woosome" word spoken by the young naval cadets in gold lace and braid, for if there is any place known in history as the "national wooing ground," it is the White House conservatory. Very few of the exotic novels of the day but have that reference to the sweet and dramatic moment in the conservatory, where the

two have wandered away from the "madding crowd," for a word alone together, and it is those words alone together which have decided the fate of many a brave young naval officer; it was here, perhaps, that he said goodbye to her before he sailed away to the Orient. It was here, perhaps, that he said the last farewell before he fell in battle during those bloody days of the Civil War; it was here, perhaps, that some of those famous heroes of the War of 1812 spoke last words to their sweethearts at one of Dolly Madison's brilliant receptions.

We take pleasure in presenting, in this

GRAND DUKE MICHAEL OF RUSSIA AND HIS CHILDREN

There is talk in England that this member of the Russian royal family who defied the Czar and the conventionalities by marrying the Countess Torby, and whose country seat is in Staffordshire, England, may yet figure as a claimant for the Russian throne. The Czarina's failure to bear a male heir may lead to complications.



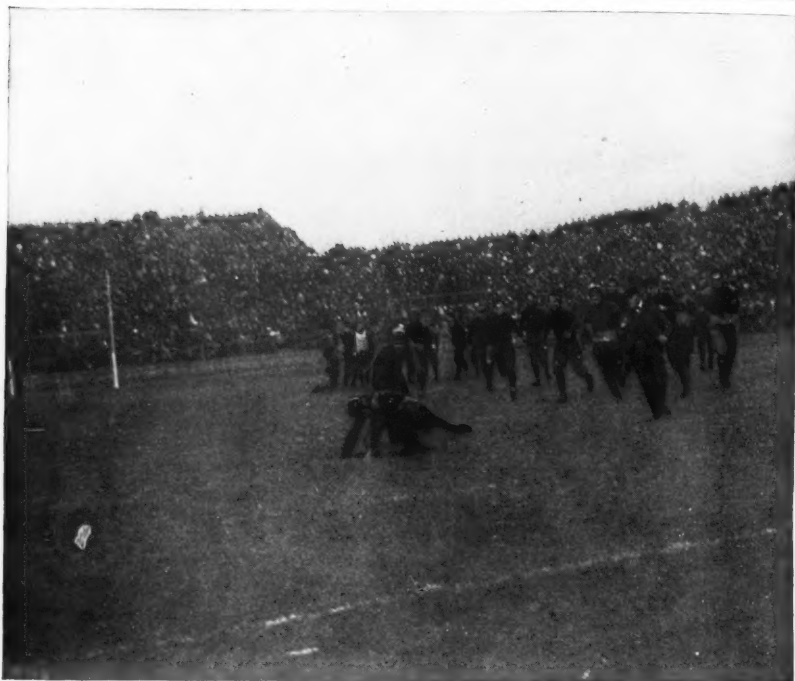
UNITED STATES SENATOR HENRY HEITFELD OF IDAHO

One of three native Missourians in the senate. The others are Cockrell of Missouri and Turner of Washington. Mr. Heitfeld is a farmer and stock raiser, and has been a resident of Idaho since 1883. From his eleventh year until 1882 he was a resident of Kansas. His only prior political experience was as a state senator in Idaho. His first term will expire this year. When Senator Heitfeld goes to the World's Fair at St. Louis he will return to the city of his nativity, and where he got his early education.



A SENSATIONAL PLAY IN THE YALE-HARVARD FOOTBALL GAME OF 1902

From a snap-shot on the side-lines, by Clyde Hayden of Harvard
 Yale had scored her second touchdown in the first half. Captain Chadwick made thirty yards through Harvard's center and was downed by Mills, Harvard's left end. Washington, as usual, sent a large contingent of "rooters" to New Haven, but Harvard lacked the inspiration of President Roosevelt's cheers.



number, the portrait of Miss Marion Corlett Hallett, of Stirling, Illinois, the winner of the National Magazine scholarship at Oread Institute, Worcester, Massachusetts. Miss Hallett, at our request, outlines briefly the course of study at Oread and, incidentally, expresses her satisfaction with it:

"Oread Institute is a school of domestic science. It is endowed by Henry D. Perky, a man of wealth and philanthropy, who feels it his pleasure to maintain this establishment. Consequently, he has devoted his time and money to continue the most successful school of its kind in America. Every year he bestows a scholarship on each state in the Union; and the young woman who is able to

secure one of these possesses a great privilege in being able to spend a year at Oread. The National Magazine was so liberal as to offer a scholarship. I feel unboundedly grateful to the management of this periodical for the privilege I am enjoying this year.

"The curriculum includes the following subjects: cookery, chemistry of food, marketing, house economics, practical housework, laundry, sewing, sanitation, physical training, elocution, English composition, physiology, physics, chemistry, bacteriology, emergencies, history of foods, feeding of infants and children, pedagogy and psychology. It is very complete and the students are thoroughly taught to be home-makers."

In a very limited area of the state of Pennsylvania centers the anthracite coal supply of the United States. Owned by comparatively few individuals, the conditions are such, connected as they were with the coal strike, to make this situation more far-reaching in its influence on public questions than the mere settlement of a coal strike.

The original titles to these lands are held in a warrant issued and signed by William Penn and his brother. These wild lands, even after the discovery of coal and until anthracite was made merchantable, sold at twenty-eight cents per acre. James II. sold the lands for an old debt, to the Penns, and chuckled to himself that he had made a good bargain. William Penn certainly thought so when he had to face the Indian question and repurchase the lands.

Today the question of federal and state governments withdrawing from the market all coal lands discovered is widely advocated, following in the footsteps of European powers. This is a step toward socialism that is fraught with very grave responsibility.

If the state owns the lands, the incentive for discovery and developing coal mines will be lacking. The post and parcel system of England has been creating such a deficit that they have long since ceased to keep books with a business exactitude and have turned it over to the department as a lump proposition. Government ownership is fascinating as a theory, but first let us see how, relatively, the government stands as an industrial manipulator. The evidence thus far presented is not altogether one-sided.

It was interesting during the summer vacation abroad to look into the homes from which so many thousands of Italian immigrants come to America. In the provinces of Aguila and Chichi, near Naples, the men are expert in all kinds

of stone cutting work, and their work always shows their great power of endurance. In the southern provinces the people are chiefly descended from Greeks and Albanians—some from the Saracens. Thousands of emigrants are leaving Sicily to go direct to New Orleans to work upon the sugar plantations, where they displace unreliable negro labor. It is estimated that about thirty per cent return, bringing with them their savings of a few years, and are independent in Italy. The land in Italy is comparatively cheap, as taxes consume most of its earnings. Five acres is a large farm, but rainfall is uncertain and the most faithful efforts are not always certain of reward. The famous irrigation plants in use centuries ago are now abandoned and forgotten. The people seem to be good hearted and good natured, but they are very suspicious one of another. The Sicilians are very proud and fearless.

It was interesting to talk with the lads on the streets of Naples. They have picked up considerable English and are looking forward anxiously to the time when they can board one of the big steamers at the wharf and go to America.

"We study English verce, verce mucha in school—to go America," they said, and one of the instructors in the schools told me that it took only the mention of America to awaken interest in a class room.

It was also my good fortune to have an interesting talk with Mr. P. Alvino, who has much to do with the present immigration. He spent some years in America, and keeps in close touch with affairs here. The tendency of immigrants during the few years last past has been to remain in America and bring their families here, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the Italian always retains a deep love for his native land, however hard may be his conditions, and however much he may oppose his government's onerous taxes.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

The death of Colonel Ochiltree removes a picturesque figure from Washington life. Although it has been some years since he served in congress and actually lived at the capitol, he was

closely associated with national men and affairs. As a *bon vivant* and dinner guest there were few his equals. How he could tell a story! His reputation in this respect was international. During

MISS ADELINA L. CALDERON, DAUGHTER OF THE MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES FROM PERU



the past summer he was the guest of Mr. Thomas F. Walsh at Vichy at the time I was there, and if there was any American that had quite captured the Frenchmen's hearts it was the big-hearted Texan. Serving in the Confederate army, he became later the intimate friend of President Grant, who nursed him through a severe illness at the White House. He was the intimate friend and business associate of Mr. Mackay and many other prominent millionaires. It was pathetic to hear him, in his last days, talk of old friends then deceased as if they were still alive. One of his characteristic remarks I can never forget: "True friendship, young man, is immortal—and when your old, old friends have all gone, you feel as if you were ready to take the next train."

The history of the United States congress cannot be written without making the name of Thomas Brackett Reed preeminent. He was, above all things, a national legislator in the largest sense of the word, and typical of the spirit that gave birth to the "Continental Congress." It does not seem so long ago that we saw him arise from the speaker's chair, gavel in hand, and count a quorum as quick as his flashing black eyes could sweep the horizon of the legislative chamber. The power of the man was equaled by that of few individuals in the history of congress. The "Czar"

UNITED STATES SENATOR MOSES EDWIN CLAPP OF MINNESOTA

One of the two natives of Indiana sitting in the senate, the other being Senator Spooner of Wisconsin. A lawyer, successively elected county attorney (St. Croix county, Wisconsin); attorney-general of Minnesota (three terms); and senator (succeeding the late Senator Cushman K. Davis), in 1901; his term expires in 1905. He got his legal education in the University of Wisconsin, and it puzzles him sometimes to determine which team to cheer for when the Universities of Wisconsin and Minnesota meet in their famous football battles. Perhaps he settles it by "rooting" impartially for both teams—between which, to date, honors are pretty nearly even.



AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

was fearless; he had the consciousness of being right; and "Reed's Rules" are almost as much a part of national law as the constitution itself.

In one short week he passed from the apparent "blossom of health to the pale-

ness of death." Only a few days before, he was cracking jokes and flinging *bon mots* with Mark Twain on Twain's birthday. He had come to Washington directly after this dinner to try an important case in the supreme court, and with the intricacies of this case occupy-

ing his master mind he was stricken. His plans were to work hard and have a play spell, for Reed loved to visit Washington as a spectator and comment in unfettered way on men and affairs. True, there was a bit of irony here and there, but he always had something to say direct to the point. Like Blaine, the famous speaker was disappointed in the ambition to reach the presidency. The game of statecraft is a mystery. Circumstances and conditions cast aside the best laid plans and qualifications. When Speaker Reed laid down the gavel, he retired with a dignity and manliness that enhanced the country's admiration of the real man. He died in the city where he won his great name in history—loved and honored.

As the congressmen gather in Washington, they have many interesting incidents to relate of the fall campaign. Congressman Landis of Indiana made speeches at all hours of the day and night and came out with flying colors. In one instance he spoke after midnight in a glass factory blast furnace to the workmen. As the men stood about stripped to the waist, perspiring from the heat, the glare from the furnace was the only light that flashed upon the face of the speaker. Spite of time and place he was given the most enthusiastic applause.

MISS MORGAN HILL, A WASHINGTON DEBUTANTE OF 1902
Photograph by Clinedinst



The Shriveling of the Earth

By *ROBERT B. ARMSTRONG,*

Private Secretary to the Secretary of the Treasury

MEASURED by the yard stick, the world today is as great as in the days of the Pharaohs. A hundred years ago it still retained that formidable girth. Today, measured by the hour glass, the planet has shriveled into a mere miniature of its former self. Under the compresure of electricity, steam and steel bridges, a spectacle is presented of practical time and space annihilation.

Seas have been dried up, continents pushed together, and islands wedded that this might be. Nations once isolated are now in earshot of one another, and the markets of all peoples line a single street. American wheat fields are days, not months, away from British bake shops. French wines are hours, not weeks, removed from American dinner tables. New York is on the outskirts of London, and Paris not a block away. Deep sea cables and land wires hem the buyers and sellers of the world into a vortex of competition, whose diameter is a minute, and within whose circumference is gathered all the products and all the purses of mankind.

Into this vortex American energy has plunged, and the splash has been called "American Invasion." Compared with future possibilities in the game of international barter the recent activities of American men of affairs abroad are merely preliminary and almost experimental. That American ingenuity and vigor have contributed much to the dwarfing of the planet is an earnest that Americans will take a keen advantage of every opportunity to produce a still smaller periphery to the globe. Mean-

time the shortened circumference has brought complications which have a bearing of great importance on the commercial prospects of the United States.

A century has been a revolution in time annihilation. And America, young as it is, has caused many sparks to fly in this greater activity. In 1800 the world was sluggish. Thoughts traveled in saddlebags, and men crawled at a snail's pace over land and sea. In America there was no such thing as expedition. Kentuckians knew nothing of the election of James Madison to the presidency of the United States until three months after the last ballot had been counted. There would have been no Chesapeake & Ohio canal, but for the argument that by means of it the decrees of congress were to be speedily transmitted to the cities beyond the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies.

The pony express was the acme of rapidity in the days of George Washington, who required more time to ferry a message from New York to Brooklyn than an American does today to flash a message around the globe. Imagine the amazement of Benjamin Franklin if he could have stood the other day, as many modern scientists did, and seen one of the most remarkable exploits of time annihilation on record. It was a test of thought transmission half way around the globe. A thirty-word dispatch sung over the wires to San Francisco, then to Vancouver, from there to Nova Scotia, whispered under the waters of the Atlantic to London, and back to New York. Every wire had been cleared for the test,

and before the operator had reached the last word of this test message another operator in the same room was taking the first word of the same dispatch, hot from the cable, direct from London.

The whole world has caught the electrical contagion of America, and the globe is enmeshed in thought-freighted wires. The brine-swept cables tied together, end to end, girdle the globe eight times. The wires that swing and sway in the wind over every land, all told, would make eight steel pathways to the moon.

The telephone has withered the space that separated cities and towns, counties and states. Trillions of steps have been saved by this voice conductor, for two billions of telephone messages are exchanged every year. Over plains, above the buffalo wallows of fifty years ago, farmers telephone along barbed wire circuits. In Kansas City, every day in the year, a business firm talks for five minutes with its branch in Boston. Chicago stock traders do business on the New York stock exchange and complete an entire transaction in thirty seconds. London brokers, eager to deal quickly on the Paris Bourse, finding the channel cables congested with business, cable to Paris via New York, and win many a pound sterling by this long distance but absolutely prompt transaction.

Sanguine as he was about the success of his steamship, Robert Fulton would undoubtedly have been a bit amazed at the spectacle, the other day, in mid-Atlantic, of two great ocean greyhounds of rival lines, tremendous speed and palatial appointments, carrying on a chess game by means of wireless telegraphy. What the future of this wireless telegraphy is to be, one can not safely promise. Conservative men refuse to subscribe to all the bewildering predictions made for this latest of time and space annihilators. Yet commerce today is taking out patents on the

dreams of yesterday. The common-places of this decade were a half century ago cynically declared to be extravagant and impossible vagaries. Skepticism is no longer safe. News that a cable is being laid miles below the surface of the Pacific on an ocean bed ten thousand miles in width is accepted as a matter of course, without a syllable of unbelief. To speed human thought along the ocean depths is no longer a theme for poets, but a matter of cable tolls.

Measured in thought transmission this old planet is no bigger than a dot. Steam and electrical, pneumatic and hydraulic inventions, have so annihilated space that there is but a small earth to clamber over. According to Dr. Emory R. Johnson, Professor of Transportation in the University of Pennsylvania, it takes steps only one-fifth as long to get around the world today as it did in 1800. In the sunrise of the century it took all but sixty-five days in the year to get once around the world. That was when men traveled in sail-boats, post chaise, on horseback, and on foot. Ocean steamers came in 1838, and they cut the ancient time table in two, for then it took only one hundred and sixty days to embrace the girdle of mother earth. In 1869 the Suez canal shrunk the world still smaller, and an enterprising man was able to get around the world in one hundred days. Since then Jules Verne has been outdone, for by the development of the speed of steam vessels and railroad trains, one can box the compass and get home in sixty days. And the end is not yet. American enterprise, brains and energy will take another tuck in the girdle of mother earth, and in a few years one may be able to run around the planet in six weeks without becoming breathless in so doing.

American commerce is vitally interested in the fact that a traveling man can flit about the world in from sixty to ninety days; that he can make a half

dozen trips a year, and sell goods all the way from Japan to Madagascar. Industrial America is no less interested in the fact that you can telegraph from San Francisco to Hong Kong, or from Nova Scotia to London, get an answer, and sell the bill of goods, start the goods on their delivery, and they will nearly reach their destination before word can be sent from San Francisco to Honolulu direct, by way of the Pacific, that the goods are for sale. With the completion of the new Pacific cable, Honolulu, in thought transmission, will be no farther away from San Francisco than Oakland is, across the Golden Gate. Manila, then, in the transaction of all business, will be as near to Wall street, the purse of America, as are the commercial ports of Europe and South America. Thus the planet is still shrinking beneath the onslaught of modern methods.

All these things mean new conditions for the American merchant of today, and the American merchant of the future. Every facility at his hand is at the hand of his competitor. The successful American will have to be quick on the trigger. He must stand with his ear to the telephone, his finger on the telegraph key. He must be extemporaneous in all business, and never meditative. The American merchant, if he will succeed, must speak quickly, and, above all, speak first. The time for deliberation and waiting for foreign markets to come to him, has gone. The shriveling of the earth has forced his competitors onto his street, and it behooves him to be original if he would win.

Two things he must have: First, absolutely accurate and timely information as to the industrial pulse beats and commercial temperature of the world. Secondly, he must have a system of distribution by which he may take advantage of this information, and deliver to their destination, with the least delay, the products most suitable for the

needs of that particular community.

In the United States, today, it is practically impossible to go far wrong on crop conditions. The United States government keeps track of every inch that a stalk of corn grows, and it knows with certainty the condition of the bread basket of the country. Under the supervision of the agricultural department the government each month issues the most careful and remarkably complete report that has yet been devised, of the condition of the growing crops in the United States. Absolutely impartial, unbiased by bullish or bearish sentiment of the compiler, the report is an invaluable sign board to the commercial and industrial interests of the United States.

While the government stands, tape measure in hand, recording the growth of crops within the borders of the United States, there is practically no information of a similar nature regarding that of the granaries of other countries of the world. Russian, Argentine and French wheat fields are almost as far away today, so far as information is concerned, as when the circuit of the globe required three hundred days. It is true that there are crop reports of foreign fields and vineyards, prepared by private houses, and cables come daily giving the condition of foreign crops from the view-point of some private individual. Manifestly, in the very nature of things, these cannot be impartial. What is true of the crops and the crop conditions is true of all other commodity-producing interests of the United States. There is a lack of direct, minute, accurate information as to the commercial and industrial health or sickness of the world at large.

The United States has ready at its hand all the machinery for the collection and immediate distribution of this information. In the event of great famine, war, pestilence, or other crises, our consular representatives are empowered to cable the government in-

formation that might be of value to American commerce. Such a service by cable might well be extended to include daily or at least weekly statements of the growing crops in all parts of the world, as well as every possible suggestion for the investment of American capital; in the employment of American energy and brains. Our chief consular agent in each country could easily organize, if so empowered, through the consular representatives of other towns, a complete and actual crop service, a summarization of which could be cabled at stated intervals.

This could be so arranged that it would cooperate with and form a part of the crop service of the United States as now issued. The United States government is tardy in this movement. Some of its own citizens have already undertaken, on their own motion, what the government should do for all. A commercial institution in San Francisco has arranged to secure cable dispatches concerning the citrus crops in Sicily and other Mediterranean countries. This knowledge is of much value to the fruit growers of California, and enables them to dispose of their products on the most advantageous basis. Norway has far outdistanced the United States in this important aid to commerce and industry. That northland of progress has established a national trade intelligence bureau to procure information from various countries for the purpose of promoting the welfare of Norwegian commerce, navigation, industries, agriculture, fisheries and handicraft.

While it is true the State department, through its consular representatives, collects information by mail which is valuable to the commerce and industries of the United States, it is equally true that much of this information is of no practical use to the industries interested because of the delay between the time the information is first secured and its final delivery. By the proper organiza-

tion and utilization of the present consular force, the United States government can secure for the aid of its farmers, its artisans, its manufacturers and its miners absolutely accurate and timely information of the utmost value. If the United States is to be a world power, its greatest achievements will be commercial ones. No modern army attempts to win a battle when it knows nothing of the country in which it is trying to operate, and nothing of the resources or equipment of the opposing forces. The United States government should not expect its merchants or manufacturers to go into a commercial battle less carefully equipped. That the federal government is beginning to realize this duty to its citizens is indicated by the action of the Agricultural department, which, under the authority of the last session of congress, has taken steps to widen its scope of operation. It is negotiating with representatives abroad to obtain information concerning crop conditions in Europe and South America, India, and elsewhere. However, this service as now planned is to be only occasional. Such a service should be extended to specific reports at frequent intervals not only of crops, but of all great commodities.

Little is known of the conditions of wheat growing in Russia. Still less is known of the manner in which this wheat is put upon the market. Argentine wheat fields are fenced about by mystery likewise. So are many of the commodities of the great continent of South America. The harvesting period of every year demonstrates more and more the necessity of a complete service such as outlined here. To insure impartiality, thoroughness and expedition, the government, and the government alone, should undertake this work. Such knowledge disseminated broadcast would open up the world to American exploitation and put to an end the

present somewhat haphazard enterprise through which many American products are sent where they are not wanted, and through ignorance withheld from places where a demand does exist.

The whole consular service of the United States should be permitted to utilize the cable and telegraph. Information should be given to American commercial interests while it is still hot; while the need still exists which American industry, American brains, and American energy can fill.

Opportunities for American commercial supremacy with a dwindled and shriveled earth furthermore consists in the control, directly or indirectly, so far as possible, of a system of distribution, world-wide, developed by American methods to the highest of American standards.

"Let me organize a line," said one of the greatest of steamboat managers to me recently, "and I can shrink the time tables of the Old World fifty or a hundred per cent. The trouble now is that you cannot be certain of connections unless, for purposes of establishing records, you cable ahead for steamships to wait for you and order trains to be on time. This, while it has been done, requires great expenditure, is impracticable for the ordinary traveler, and out of the question for the shipment of freight. Let the American government place swift steamships at my disposal to meet me at seaboard termini and then, with the ordinary trains of Europe and Asia today, which are not particularly speedy, I will undertake to circle the globe by the very longest route in less than fifty days.

Opportunities for the investment of American capital at home are beginning to be circumscribed as the country becomes developed. America has done wonders in its short life in shriveling up the earth which lies between the Atlantic and the Pacific. American brains have

squeezed California and New York close together. Looking for opportunities to secure remuneration from invested capital, Americans find, or should find, an attractive field in the heterogeneous transportation system of the eastern hemisphere. A good many spots still exist on the old half of the world that refuse to crowd together; hard lumps that have resisted all attempts at time-annihilation.

Distribution has not been reduced to a science on the eastern lobe of the earth. Railway systems are independent, each making time tables for its own purposes, without regard to any other system. Steamship lines are not affiliated with great land transportation plants. Multitudinous reshipments prevail as a rule, and the economy of the long haul is often ignored either wilfully or through ignorance of its possibilities. The small "goods" car and the unsystematic handling of freight and commodities of all kinds on the railroads of Europe are too patent to require much argument.

Recently, in Belgium, I asked a prominent engineer who had traveled a great deal in Europe and was familiar with the conditions in America, by actual investigation, why his country still retained freight cars of insignificant size. He replied:

"Well, they are as big as the country. They haul away all we produce. They bring us all that we can consume. Why should they be changed?"

I endeavored to show the opportunities throughout Europe for transportation on an American basis. I suggested a car ferry across the Channel to England similar to the one operated all the year around across the Great Lakes between Milwaukee and the points across the inland sea on the shores of Michigan, and that the consumptive power of Great Britain would easily justify the employment of large cars, more modern locomotives, and the longer haul from the wheat fields of Russia, Hungary and

Austria. My Belgian friend assured me that all this was impracticable; that those things might do for America, but never for Europe. He admitted that there was no close alliance between railroad and steamship companies, and as a matter of fact the transportation of the old world was in large measure heterogeneous instead of homogenous, as it should be.

This Belgian man of affairs, however, declared that there was an insurmountable obstacle to the unification of transportation systems because of government control. He urged that even American ingenuity and American dollars could not overcome the sharply marked and jealously guarded frontiers of Europe. I urged that the Americanization of European transportation need not be direct; that the adoption of American methods, improvements, and expedition by government-operated roads would prove as beneficial in the modernizing of European transportation systems as the purchase of the roads by American capitalists. What is true in these portions of Europe is also true in the Orient. The railways of Turkey, Persia, and India could each receive an injection of modern ideas with great benefit.

Germany is applying American ideas to her railroads, and the trains of Great Britain are being operated upon American schedules. France is improving her land transportation in a similar way, but these are sporadic rather than united efforts. Africa affords a mighty field for American enterprise. Her dollars and her brains may play a great part in the pushing of Cape of Good Hope toward Egypt until Capetown is a suburb of Cairo. The Cape-to-Cairo railroad project, the creation of the master brain of Cecil Rhodes, is to be realized within a few years, and a mysterious continent is

to be opened up for civilization and exploitation.

The United States is overlooking this great African opportunity. Cape Colony alone imports \$84,000,000 of goods annually. Of this the United States sends only \$9,000,000. Egypt imports \$70,000,000 each year, but buys from the counter of the American merchant only \$1,000,000 of this amount.

South America is as big, potentially, as Africa, measured both by the yard stick and the hour glass. Comparatively little is known of the resources and equipment of that land beyond the equator. Admitting American merchants know the requirements of South American consumers, they have not the distributive facilities to supply the wants.

Africa and South America are great interrogation points. They have great possibilities in the future commercial world. If the United States is to have a portion of the glory and profit of developing these continents it must have ships to get the goods to them, and have the right kind of goods to put in the ships.

Hawaii, the Philippines and the Far East, with the American flag in the ascendancy, invite the application of American time-annihilating methods and the investment of American dollars. Thus, around the entire earth, are opportunities for American commercial greatness. Awaiting development are two continents and an archipelago, to say nothing of a hemisphere that for centuries has been marking time. Let the United States government supply world wide information as to agricultural, commercial and industrial opportunities, and American citizens will compress the earth still smaller by a system of distribution so perfect that it will carry American products to the marts of every land.



Love Affairs of James Carrington, Jr.

IN THREE CHAPTERS

By *CARRIE HUNT LATTA*

CHAPTER II.

JAMES CARRINGTON, JR., stood before a mirror in his room. He was combing his hair: he parted it exactly in the middle with great nicety and patted and smoothed it until it looked like it had received a coat of varnish.

He carefully adjusted his tie, a blood red tie it was, flicked an imaginary speck of dust from the lapel of his coat, glanced with a look of satisfaction at his carefully manicured finger nails and sighed from pure joy as he caught sight of his highly polished shoes.

"Ah-h," he breathed, "life is worth living—when you ain't broke."

He took a locket which hung from his watch chain, opened it and gazed lovingly at a picture therein.

He held it close to his eyes, then at arm's length. And as he stood thus, gazing rapturously, an anxious voice asked:

"Oh James, dear, do you hurt anywhere?"

His face flushed scarlet. He closed the locket with a snap, refastened it to his chain and turned to his mother.

"Why no, I'm all right, mother."

"I, I didn't know, dear. There was such a look of—of agony on your face. At least I thought so."

"Huh! Agony nothin'. Can't a fellow look happy without his family sending for a doctor?"

She placed her finger on his lips.

"Never mind, dear. I'm always a bit uneasy about you, you've grown so tall and slender. What is that? Another watch charm? I would not spend too much money on that sort of thing, dear. Of course, since the girls are married your father's expenses are not so great; still, it will cost ever so much to send you to college."

"Aw, I don't know whether father will have to support me much longer or not. Anyhow, I don't know whether I could stand to leave—er, to leave home or not."

"Dear boy. It would be hard to have you away," she answered, kissing his cheek.

"Seems like such a waste of time. I could have a fine time making my own money by the time I was through college. —"Gee whiz! Four years wasted."

"Wasted? Oh, Jamie! You know we've our hearts set on your going to college."

Jim regarded the locket thoughtfully, then, upon being reminded that he would certainly be late for school, hurried away.

His mother looked after him with a perplexed look on her face. What had brought that peculiar look to her son's face? And waste of time? Well, she would not worry her husband with that. There was plenty of time.

She went down stairs and entered the library where her husband sat looking over some papers. He smiled and nodded to her, then went on with the papers.

"Is there any letter or note, or complaint about Jamie this morning?" she asked, looking at several letters on the table.

He laughed aloud.

"Nothing at all, my dear. He must be doing better or some one would be writing. His teachers are keeping wonderfully quiet for some reason or other. A silence like this is usually followed by a perfect avalanche of complaints. I wonder what his next escapade will be?"

"But Jamie is doing so much better, you know, James. The thing which worries me most is the fact that the boy washes himself so clean. Why, he almost shines, and you know he's always seemed to loathe even the smell of soap. Oh dear! I never knew but one boy of his age to be so very clean—and—he—died."

Mr. Carrington laughed heartily and leaning over smoothed the lines of care from her forehead.

"And," she went on, "his pockets are all bulged out with papers of some kind. He must be taking great interest in his studies to be writing so much. I know he's going to surprise us by doing good work and let us see all of it at once. That's it, because the other day when I took his coat to mend it he came running in and took the papers all out. And he asked me if I had read any of them. Of course I hadn't. Don't you think that is what it is, James?"

"Maybe so. We'll hope so. Possibly the papers are notes, love letters, you know. Maybe he's in love."

Mrs. Carrington gasped.

"Love letters? In love?" She looked thoughtful.

"Heaven forbid," she ejaculated fervently.

"Amen," Mr. Carrington said earnestly. But his eyes twinkled.

The next day Mrs. Carrington sat in the sitting room at the home of her eldest daughter. On her knees she held what looked to be a roll of white flannel, to which she talked in a strange language, commonly known as baby talk.

"Isn't she a most beautiful baby, mother? I am so glad and thankful she isn't a boy. Boys are so awful. What a horrible time you've had with Jamie. I was talking with Charles this morning about him and I asked him how long it takes the average boy to get past the age when he thinks he is by all means the most important thing in the world. Charles said he didn't know, that he never was like that, and of course he wasn't. But most boys are."

Mrs. Carrington smiled.

"If this dear little baby had been a boy, my dear, you would have been just as proud of him as you are of her.

"Well, maybe I would, mother, but I cannot think it. Did you know that Jamie is angry at me, mother? He has not been here for two weeks. When he was here I told him that he uses so much perfumery, and it is such dreadful stuff, smells like medicine, that it makes my head ache. He said all right, he'd stay away. But before he went away he sneered at my precious baby—said she looked like a puppy, mother, a puppy. I told him he might stay away—but of course I didn't mean it. Tell him to come over, will you? Though it was a dreadful thing to have said about a dear, helpless little thing like my precious Elizabeth."

"He didn't mean it, dear. I'm sure he didn't. He is doing so much better, you just don't know. He keeps himself so nice and is using better language.

His teachers do not send any more letters of complaint. The last one was from the principal, threatening to expel him for all time. He is doing so well your father and I feel much encouraged."

"But he is so rude, so ill bred. He hasn't a bit of polish. I told Charles that the boy needs to go into society."

"Society! Jamie? Oh, daughter!"

"Just a wee bit, to begin with. Let's start him by giving a party for him, mother, do."

Mrs. Carrington looked anxious.

"Do you think a party would help him? What good would one party do him?"

"Why, he could have another later on. And the young people we invite for him will invite him to their little companies. Oh it's just the thing to do. Make it a birthday party, he'll be seventeen in two weeks. Invite some of the very nicest children, let them dance and give them a dainty little supper. Sis and I will help you."

"I will speak to your father about it,"

Mrs. Carrington answered, without enthusiasm. Then added, hopefully:

"Perhaps Jamie might refuse to have it."

"The idea! All children dote on parties."

A few days later the subject was broached to James Carrington, Jr. At first he scoffed at the idea, saying that only girls and 'sissy' boys give parties. Then he grew thoughtful. He opened the locket he wore and immediately there rose before him a vision. A vision of a girl with black curls tied with a scarlet ribbon. With laughing, dark blue eyes shaded with heavy, curling lashes. With rosy cheeks and smiling lips. Dancing with him, at his home, at a party given by him. Her party dress would be of white—no—pink. Or, possibly, red. Oh joy!

"Let 'er go, mother," he bawled,

doing a double shuffle on the newly polished floor.

"Let who go, dear?" his mother asked anxiously.

"The party, of course. I'll write down a list of the folks I want to invite."

"But I want to help you do the inviting, dear. I have written a few names down; there's Virginia Steele, of course, and I expect we'd better ask her little sister Flossie, too. She dances beautifully and is such a dear little thing."

"Kids! Babies! If it's to be a baby show I won't be here, mother."

"But the Steeles are such charming people, and I'm sure Virginia has always been a very good friend of yours. Why, you've played with her all her life."

"I'm too old to play with any one any more, mother. Let's invite the fellows, the boys and girls at school. I'll tell you, make it a class party. There's thirty-one in my class, just enough to have a time."

"Thirty-one! Your class. Oh Jamie. You see, dear, we couldn't accommodate so many. No, no. Let's have a nice party of your oldest friends. But I'm afraid Virginia will be offended if you do not invite her. You've always been such good friends."

"I can't help it, mother. She's too young. If she gets mad I can make up with her easy enough."

"Don't be too sure, my dear."

Jim retired to his own room and finally appeared with a long list of names over which they argued. After three days they came to terms, except in one matter. And what was as to sending an invitation to a person of whom Mrs. Carrington had never heard. But Jim was firm. Either she—it was a young lady—would be invited, for his company, as he expressed it, or he would not be at the party.

And, having succeeded in making his sisters thoroughly angry, disgusting his father beyond measure, causing his

mother much anxiety, he carried the invitation, addressed by himself, and placed it in the hands of the fair Kitty O'Donnelly, who blushed, smiled and promised to be present.

The following days before the party were glad ones for James Carrington, Jr. He walked on air; he sang; he whistled. He was thinking with pride of the glad moment when he would introduce Miss O'Donnelly to the members of his family. It was high time, he thought, for them to meet.

He cautioned his mother particularly as to her appearance that night, urging her to wear her prettiest dress and assuring her that she was beautiful—when she curled her hair. If there was anything he adored it was curls, especially black curls. He even inquired as to whether his mother thought his small, squirming and newly acquired niece, in whom he had, until now, taken but little interest, (being too old to care for such small persons) would, eventually, have curls. Though the prospect was, at the present time, a gloomy one as the little one's head was, where it was not bald, covered with a tawny fuzz.

There was only one thing which marred Jim's anticipation of the party. And that was the manner in which Miss Virginia Steele acted upon being informed, (she had inquired into the matter), by Jim himself, that she would not be invited to the party because she was too young.

"Jim Carrington, I've had three parties, and I've invited you every time. And you came. But you'll be sorry for this. And if you ever have another party and invite me I'll never come, not if you beg me on your knees. So there!"

And she stamped her little foot, and then cried. And whoever had seen Virginia act so before? It hurt Jim's feelings—but the idea of her talking so to him. He wouldn't be sorry, either.

Then the birthday came—the evening

—the party. The guests arrived; sometimes one by one, sometimes in bunches. Jim's eyes wandered anxiously toward the tall hall clock. Half past eight—nine.

He grew white and restless. He was nervously hilarious, and watched the clock. Where could Miss O'Donnelly be? And she had promised to come early.

Half past nine. Jim was dancing with his youngest sister. He was sullen and rude and finally flung himself aside with the remark that his sister couldn't dance any more than a rabbit. And, to get even with him, this same sister told the entire company why her brother was so despondent.

Then James Carrington, Jr., disappeared—retired to his own room, and no persuasions, threats nor bribes could dislodge him. He assured his mother, through the keyhole, that he was deeply wounded, but was not, could not be, angry with the beautiful object of his affections—of whom his youngest sister had, only a short time before spoken in a most disrespectful manner, calling her "cat."

But Jim's desertion of his young guests did not seem to spoil the party. They danced and giggled, did justice to the dainty supper (the only part of the party Jim was sorry he missed), danced some more and departed.

The next morning Jim rose early. He was treated like an outcast at the breakfast table, except by his mother, who smiled sadly at him. His youngest sister informed him as he left the dining room that he was a mean thing. But Jim made no answer. His mind was on something else.

He got to school early. He waited breathlessly. She did not appear. Maybe she was ill. Possibly she had been kidnapped. Then she came. Smiling, serene, a picture of health. Smartly dressed in the reddest of red blouses and

wearing the fluttering accordion pleated red skirt which Jim thought so pretty. With her curls, except one, which hung caressingly around on one shoulder, tied jauntily with a great bow of scarlet ribbon.

Jim gazed with rapture. She glanced at him, nodded, smiled—and deliberately flashed a look out of the corner of her beautiful eyes—at a new boy in the class.

Jim clenched his fist and resolved to be the new boy's most bitter enemy.

When an opportunity arrived he made his way to his sweetheart's side. Why, Oh why, had she disappointed him? Did she love him no longer?

Again she smiled—and flashed another look at the new boy. Why, the idea! She hadn't said she didn't care for him, had she? And she had not gone to the party for a very good reason. The toothache. And if he expected her to go to a party with her jaw all swelled up he was mistaken. And if he wanted to get mad at a girl just because she had the toothache he just might. And she turned her back on him and smiled, actually smiled, at the new boy, a perfect stranger, too.

Jim stood with bowed head. It was almost enough to cause a man to contemplate self destruction, he thought. It took him three days, cost him three large boxes of candy, a friendship ring and three red carnations, beside numerous avowals of undying affection, of declaring a willingness, nay, an anxiety, to risk his life for her, to get back on terms with Kitty O'Donnelly.

And even then he realized that he had a most dangerous rival in the new boy.

For a time things moved along smoothly with Jim. He was almost a model of self sacrifice and humility both at home and at school. He was busily planning to finish the high school course as soon as possible so that he might work, thereby earn a suitable home for the

adorable Kitty, who received his homage, and gifts, the latter keeping his financial condition in a most deplorable state, with great serenity.

The new boy was beginning to give Miss Kitty presents, rather handsome ones; but as long as she allowed Jim to wear her locket, containing her likeness, and wore the friendship ring, from which hung a gold heart, and a bracelet on which two gold hands were tightly clasped, he felt that he must be first in her affections.

Then came the crisis. A happening which caused James Carrington, Jr. to have a strong box, with a heavy double lock, made. And into which he placed, very tenderly, several pieces of rather inexpensive jewelry, many letters, a package of trinkets carefully tied together, a bow of scarlet ribbon and a lock of shining black hair. Also, if one believed what he said, a broken heart—his own — completely smashed.

It came about by Jim, or, as Miss Kitty called him, "Jimsy," hinting, in a dim and shadowy way to be sure, but nevertheless hinting, to her of marriage. Of a beautiful wedding, of her resplendent in a gorgeous wedding gown of red.

And she had smiled, blushed, nodded and looked mysterious. Of course she wanted to go to dancing school for a little longer, in fact there was nothing like a dancing school. But after that—

And however the secret, when no one but themselves knew a thing of it, ever got out, no one could tell. But it did, and the consequences that followed!

One day just at noon as school was dismissed, and as the young people and teachers swarmed from the doors, stood on the steps and gathered in groups to talk things over for the day, a woman came up the walk and stood in their midst. A peculiar looking woman with a decidedly Irish face and large red hands which looked as though they had served their time long and well in hot

soapsuds. She wore her dress pinned up as though afraid of getting it soiled, and her sleeves were rolled to the elbows. On her head she wore a small checked shawl and in her hand she carried an open letter.

She paused and looked about defiantly, and in a loud and excited tone she demanded:

"An' which is Chimsy Carrington?"

There was a look in her eyes which boded no good for the person answering to that name, and Jim, white and trembling, hesitated. But one of his companions pushed him forward with the remark:

"Aw, show yerself, Jim."

The woman came straight to him and placed the open letter in his hand.

"Be yez th' felly as wrote thot?" she asked.

Poor Jim was too frightened to know whether the letter was written in Hebrew or Chinese, but something told him that he was the fellow who had written it, and he said so.

"Thin take thot an' thot," she cried, slapping him first on one side of the face and then on the other. "An' thim, an' thim, an' thim," she went on, tossing small pieces of jewelry, a valentine and many letters at him as fast as she could take them from the bosom of her soiled dress.

"An' if ye iver mention merrige to me Kitty agin, Oi'll not answer fer the consequences. Howly Saints! Gimme thot locket. Thafe! An' sure Oi thought it wor lost." She snatched the locket from his chain and turned from him. Eagerly she scanned the faces of the pupils about her, then, catching sight of a figure in the doorway, a figure with a very white face and with trembling lips, she hurried toward it.

"An' there ye are, me foine leddy. Wait till Oi get you home."

And with that, holding in her hand the locket which contained the cherished

picture, she made for the beautiful Kitty O'Donnelly, who dodged in a manner which showed that she was not altogether new at it, and they were both soon lost in the distance.

James Carrington stood dazed. He heard the hum of voices about him and realized in a hazy kind of way that his school mates were moving away. By and by some one gave him a resounding thwack. Heavens! Had that woman returned? He turned a terror stricken face to see—and met the grinning countenance of the new boy. The look of fear turned to one of hate. But—he was in no condition to fight.

The new boy poked him in the ribs and laughed.

"Come on, old fellow. Cheer up. It's nothin'. It's better for both of us to have loved and lost than—"

"Shut up, you snub nosed toad," Jim roared, facing him with clenched fists.

Then he stood and watched the new boy walk slowly away. He stooped and gathered his possessions from the ground, stuffed them in his pockets and went toward home. Tears filled his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. In vain he gulped at the lump in his throat.

"Life on the plains is so deadly dull," he muttered, quoting from a certain yellow back book which was hidden in the bottom drawer of the wash stand in his room.

"Ugh! Br-r-r!" he sputtered. "Could that person really be Kitty's mother? Must have gotten her good looks from her father, as her mother hasn't any," he whispered savagely. And with his heart fairly bursting with rage, mortification and grief he reached home. And that night, with his face buried in his mother's lap, he told it all. And she comforted him.

But that is how it happened that James Carrington, Jr. went, willingly, to college some two years sooner than ever he dreamed of going. There he devoted

himself almost exclusively to athletics, so that he could, he said (if the occasion ever arose, defend himself—even against a woman.

* * * *

"Dear Jamie is always so much in earnest," remarked Mrs. Carrington with a smile, as she folded a letter she had just received and gave it to her husband.

"Isn't he?" Mr. Carrington answered dryly, glancing at his part of the letter, a short note, asking for money, at once, as the writer was in debt a dollar and seventy-five cents and had only a quarter.

* * * *

Some time later James Carrington, Jr.

stood before an open fire in his own room. By his side was a small, heavy box, open. From it he took several pieces of slightly tarnished jewelry, some letters which had turned a bit yellow, a torn valentine and a bow of scarlet ribbon. One by one, he threw them into the fire. There was a look of mingled regret and amusement in his face.

He looked reflectively at the little heap of ashes, and turned to close the box. What was that which slipped between the box and the lid and was almost hidden from sight?

He took it up and placed it, half tenderly, in the palm of his hand. It was a soft, silky curl of shining black hair.

THE HIGHER PIONEERING

The face of the earth is a wide stretch of ground,
And the best of the world is forever unfound;
And new worlds galore, in their solitude dumb,
Await the Columbus who never will come.
There are sights no one sees that await to be seen,
There are streamlets of silver and grottoes of green,
If you'll leave the high road—houses, peoples and goods,
And the main-traveled turnpikes and take to the woods.
Oh, the highways were built for the idle and blind—
But I have an unexplored planet to find.
I must leave the worn road, I have no time to spare;
I have pioneer business to do everywhere.
There are oaks in yon forest no woodman has sought,
And their branches are loaded with apples of thought;
There are thick tangled arches that span lonely streams,
Whose creepers are bending with clusters of dreams.
I want some good stories; my life has shrunk dry;
Let me talk with the earth and commune with the sky;
Let me list to the song that the pine giants roar—
Ah, here's a new meter unheard heretofore.
The loud brook is babbling; I'll hush and draw near—
Ah, news from old Nature I'm lucky to hear!
As down the loud gorges its rapids are whirled
It sings of the health of the life of the world.
Let me go where my Beckoner bids me to stray—
I will travel no path and no road for a day;
I will leave, too, the highways thrown up for the mind—
Where the Beckoner calls me I travel resigned.
By the base of the mount and the shore of the stream
I will think no man's thought and will dream no man's dream;
But, in my wise freedom, I'll deem them as naught,
And I'll dream my own dream and I'll think my own thought.
For why in these woods should I journey apart?
I go in these forests to find my own heart,
And leave the wide scramble for praise and for pelf
To hear the best things I can say to myself.
The footfalls of pavements are sweet to my ear
And the roar of the city is music to hear;
Let a man meet with men: but his life is not whole,
Till he goes in waste places and talks with his soul.
Rank vines, undiscovered, spring forth from its sod;
There are ungathered grapes in these Gardens of God.
Where are arbors of silence for souls to rejoice,
Where we take off our sandals and wait for the Voice.
There are rivers of healing well worthy of quest;
There are Mountains of Vision and Valleys of Rest;
I talk, in their silent serenities curled,
With the soul of my soul and the heart of the world.

SAM WALTER FOSS



IT was the second day out from Havre. The sea was demonstrating how disagreeable, in a quiet way, it could be; and the deck was emptying rapidly into the staterooms.

Powell, smoking with his back to the rail, was realizing what a bore it was to be crossing with a mob of French people, and not an acquaintance on board. That girl with the wind-blown hair over there was an American; but how the dickens—

The occupant of a steamer chair near him got up suddenly, and the movement made him turn. As his glance fell upon the pallid old lady who had risen, he smiled quickly.

"Miss Lockhart!" he exclaimed. "Why, I didn't know you were aboard. I'm afraid you're finding this motion unpleasant. Can I—get you anything?"

The old lady clutched the rail, turning a shade more livid.

"Thank you, Captain Powell," she gasped stifly, "but my niece will assist me."

The girl had put down her writing and come hastily forward.

"Oh, Aunt Emily, I'm afraid you're not feeling well," she murmured anxiously. "Let me send for—"

"Help me to my state room, Madge."

said the old lady with dignity. "I am ill."

When the niece came back to her scattered writing materials an hour later, Powell turned from his contemplation of the sea.

"I hope your aunt is better, Miss Lockhart," he said with polite solicitude.

The girl raised her eyes, and looked at him curiously for a moment.

"Thank you," she said formally, dropping them again; "just now she is asleep, but I am afraid she is suffering a great deal."

"Oh, she'll probably be all right by morning," Powell observed reassuringly. It's this nasty rocking that knocked her up."

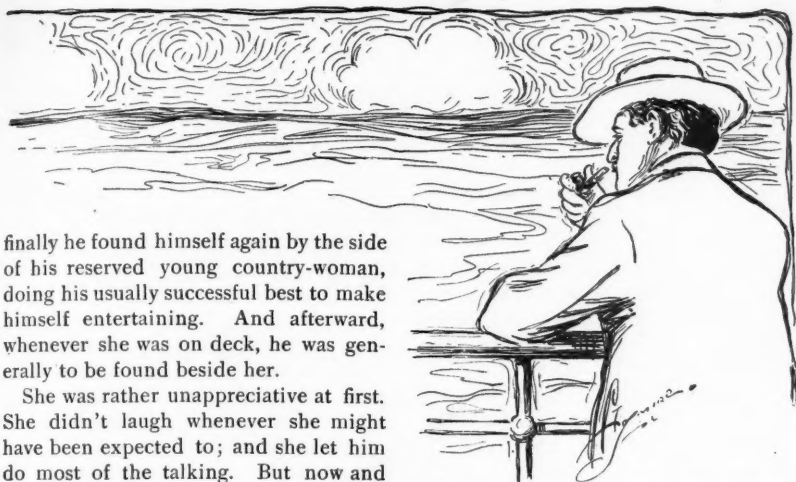
"When Aunt Emily goes below it is long before she reappears," she said. Then she looked at him again. "It was in Florida that you met her, wasn't it?" she asked.

"Yes, last winter. We were both on a search for health. I don't think she remembered me at first."

She had taken up her portfolio and opened it on her knee.

"Oh, she knew you perfectly," she said; and resumed her writing so ostensibly that Powell, after a moment, shrugged his shoulders and walked off.

But there really wasn't another soul on the boat to speak to. He couldn't talk French to the French women; and looking them over, he decided that he wouldn't if he could. For a while he wandered about, bored and aimless. But



finally he found himself again by the side of his reserved young country-woman, doing his usually successful best to make himself entertaining. And afterward, whenever she was on deck, he was generally to be found beside her.

She was rather unappreciative at first. She didn't laugh whenever she might have been expected to; and she let him do most of the talking. But now and then a subject would come up so particularly interesting that she was drawn into it in spite of herself, and after several such relapses the stiffness couldn't be regained. He told her stories of the army in the Philippines, and of the adventures, thrilling and ludicrous, of his own regiment; they talked of the Old World sights they had both just seen; they discussed religion liberally, ethics gingerly, politics warmly. They were both clever; the universe was about them, inviting criticism; they dissected heaven and earth. And if sometimes a trick of her eyelashes, or the sunlight in her hair, got in the way of his logic, he honestly didn't recognize the symptoms.

When they were more than half way across Miss Emily put in a brief appearance on deck. Powell had counted on a good deal of friendliness from her, for she had shown him quite marked attentions at Tampa, where his wound had made him something of a lion. But the *mal-de-mer* seemed to have worked havoc with her disposition, and she responded to all attempts at conversation with a resentful snappishness that was disconcerting. So that the regret caused by her second forced retirement was not unalloyed.

It was the chance remark of a passen-

ger passing him in the moonlight—"Only two more days aboard,"—that brought Powell to a sudden realization of what the fates had been weaving.

He sat up straight and stared out across the ocean.

"I've been forgetting everything," he muttered. "I ought to have told them, of course; but 'pon my word I didn't think of it. Well, if there's any harm done"—he drew his breath sharply—"it's only to myself."

There was a brushing of skirts past him.

"I can't persuade her to move," said a girl's voice plaintively, as its owner sank into her steamer chair. "I really believe she is worse now than she was at first. To think of her having come abroad for the sea air, and being forced to stay in that stuffy little purgatory all the way across! And it's been such lovely weather, too!"

"Perfect," Powell acquiesced, glancing up at the brilliant sky. "A contrast to when I crossed in the other direction a month ago,—on my wedding trip."

His companion looked up.

"Your wedding trip!" she repeated with a slightly puzzled smile. "What has happened to the bride?"

"I don't know," said Powell savagely,

"or care!"

The girl laughed.

"How ghastly!" she murmured.

"Oh, I'm in earnest," said Powell, jerkily. "Didn't you read in the papers about that old millionaire who left half of his money to the son of one friend and half to the daughter of another, on condition that they'd marry each other, and not let any of his accumulations get into the hands of people he didn't know? Well, I'm the man in the story. We'd never set eyes on each other, but we both wanted the money, so we complied with the proviso."

"You—married her? asked the girl, paling a little.

"Six weeks ago in New York. It must have looked a queer affair to outsiders. One doleful morning my lawyer and I drove to the magistrate's office, and as we came in one door another lawyer, with an old gentleman and lady, and three girls all in short skirts and shirt waists and brown veils, entered by another. We all bowed; and then the magistrate called our names, and I and one of the girls—it might have been any of them, for all I knew—went up to the desk, and answered a few questions, and wrote our names. The lawyers gave us each a deed of separation to go in force at the door. Then we all bowed again, and the family party got into a carriage and drove off, and I—I had a two months' furlough, you know—for the honeymoon—came abroad to get out of the talk."

His listener's color had faded entirely.

"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?" she asked slowly. "I went to school with her. She—"

"Oh, you needn't hesitate," said Powell with a short laugh. "I've had several fetching descriptions of her. She's a Jew at a bargain, I know by experience. And her voice, and—er—looks, impressed me even through the veil."

"She wasn't pretty, certainly, or very popular; but she was well born, of course, and thoroughly well bred"—she was speaking with an evident effort now.

"Oh, there is the steward," she said, rising. "I—I must see if he hasn't something I can coax auntie to eat."

Powell gazed after her, his face rather colorless, too.

"It can't be that she—Bah, I haven't the right to even think of such a thing. She'd resent it desperately," he said under his breath, turning again to the sea. "Wonder if I can get through the next two days without behaving like a cad?"

But in the morning Miss Emily emerged from her seclusion, probably against her will, and the day passed quite unconstrainedly. When the last morning came Powell was silent and stern, and Madge was absorbedly solicitous of her aunt's comfort; but the final parting was conventional enough.

As their cab bore the aunt and niece away from the docks, the girl drew a quick sigh.

"A soldier and a gentleman!" she murmured, with a little laugh; but there was a glow in her face, nevertheless.

The city awoke under weeping skies. Powell, in his club widow, gazed gloomily down on the dripping streets. The disgust that his whole appearance bespoke, however, was not for the dismal prospect, but for the years that were stretching, in his imagination, interestless and wearisome ahead of him. He was sick of the army, he told himself, and, worse, sick of civilization. As for that pile of money in the bank—he loathed the thought of it.

One of the club servants brought him a letter, and he tore it open indifferently; but his face changed as he drew it out.

"I would not write this", he read, "except that you would learn it from some one else. It was your own mis-

take in the beginning, you will remember, in taking for granted that my name was the same as that of my mother's sister. And in self defence I could not do

less than leave you under the delusion, though my aunt strongly disapproved. I am sorry that the only time we are likely to meet, I should seem to have



"Her name was Margaret Kennedy, wasn't it?"

been passing under false colors. But for the future, I beg you will believe, I shall take as good care of your name as you shall yourself.

"Margaret Kennedy Powell."

Without a change in his attitude, Powell stood staring down at the paper in his hand. Then he winced sharply.

"What a fool I must have looked!" he muttered, the dark color rising in his face.

Miss Lockhart was deep in the apprehensive delights of unpacking her bric-a-brac when a maid, entering, announced "A gentleman for Mrs. Powell."

"It's the landlord," said Miss Lockhart sharply. "I expected him. Mind, Madge, if he asks another cent, you go!"

Her niece had risen from beside a trunk, with changing color, and put her hands nervously to her hair.

"Very well, auntie," she murmured

vaguely, from the door.

In the hall below she paused before the drawing room portieres; then parting them, stopped short on the threshold.

"Captain Powell!" she exclaimed in a low voice.

He came quickly forward.

"Oh, you knew I would come," he said unsmilingly, taking her hands.

She laughed.

"You've made a complete fool of me, I know," he said, flushing. "It must have been tremendously amusing. Heaven only knows what I said; but you've paid me out for it in the last two hours. I've been a victim of complications from the first. But—oh, Madge, —I needn't begin at the beginning, need I?"

She drew away her hands, and lifted her head in the air.

"Certainly," she said.



Ol' Cap Mingo

By JAMES BALL NAYLOR

Author of "In the Days of St. Clair," etc.

HE drops in to see me almost every evening—and always and invariably at a time when I am busy at something that I consider of extreme importance. In this he manifests a genius and perspicuity occult, malevolent and diabolical. He reads and claws over my papers, cuts my magazines—an unpardonable offense in my eyes—and smokes my cigars. And yet I tolerate him. Why? I don't know; I *do*—that's all. Perhaps I like the voluble and tiresome old eccentric, in spite of his persistent in-

trusiveness and unforgivable shortcomings. Again, I don't know.

I hear his heavy step upon the stairs; I recognize his clumsy shuffle in the hall. Then the door opens softly, a few inches; and he peeps in—two bright blue eyes gleaming under bushy brows. Not a word does he say; nor do I. The door opens wider; a foot and leg intrudes—a big, shaggy head, and round shoulders. He's within the room; and the door is closed. The manner of his entrance savors of dark intentions—deeds of

violence; and in any other would be disconcerting, uncanny, alarming. Still he offers no grunt of greeting; nor do I offer a hint or gesture of welcome. He waddles to his accustomed chair, rolling his eyes in my direction, as he drags his feet across the floor. In his great, rough, brown overcoat he resembles nothing so much as a portly cinnamon bear. Once seated, he quietly removes his cap of threadbare velvet, places it upon the floor beside him, picks up a newspaper from my desk, extends his feet to the blazing gas, deliberately produces and adjusts a pair of spectacles and lolls back in his chair—emitting a long drawn grunt of satisfaction as he collapses into a rotund heap.

Invariably this is the manner of his coming, the method of his arrival, and always he takes the same chair, hitches it to one exact and identical spot, and settles himself after the prescribed fashion. The light from my study lamp shadows his shaggy head—his iron gray mane and beard and massive shoulders upon a blank space of wall near him—a lamplight silhouette, a veritable Viking.

I go on with my writing; he goes on with his reading. When I have come to a convenient stopping place, I look up and say:

"Good evening, Jim."

He was christened James Madison Whissen. That is, if ever he *was* christened, which I rather doubt. At any rate, that's his name. But he never gets it.

His friends—and the term includes all who know him—call him "Jim Whiss."

"G'd evenin'," he grunts surily, from whiskered depths, in reply to my delayed greeting. Then, somehow, we drift into conversation; and I always learn something from him.

"Keer f' I smoke in here?" he jerked out one evening not long ago, after conscientiously going through the stereotyped preliminaries I have just described.

"You *have* smoked in here," I an-

swered somewhat tartly, "and ought to *know* whether I care or not."

"Umph!" he grunted. Then, with a series of jabs into his overcoat pocket, he produced an ill-smelling pipe, fondled it between finger and thumb, and remarked, "*Got* nothin' to smoke but this ol' pipe; an' it smells louder'n a steam boat a-puffin'!"

The hint was so ingenious—and so palpable—that I silently opened the drawer of my desk, took out a cigar, and handed it to him. Without a word he accepted it, bit off the tip, lighted the satiny roll of tobacco and puffed away luxuriously and dreamily for some minutes. I philosophically accepted the inevitable and patiently awaited his pleasure.

At last he rolled his eyes in my direction and muttered:

"Died last night -- 'bout 'leven o'clock."

"Who?" I asked, stretching my legs and yawning.

"Who!" in a tone of deep disgust—"Ol' Cap Mingo."

"I never knew him, I guess."

"S'pose not," Jim growled; "seems you never *do* know anybody of any *consequence*."

"Who was he?"

"Who was he! Ol' Cap Mingo, of course; I told you once. Lived in the big brick house near t'other end o' the bridge. Great ol' feller—funny ol' codger."

"Tell me about him."

"Re'ly want me to?"

"Certainly."

"Humph! All right. Ol' steamboat captain an' river man—must 'ave been up'ard of eighty. Been in all kinds o' business, though; made an' lost two 'r three fortunes—an' finally died poor as a nigger's houn'.

"Some folks says he was educated fer a preacher but fell from grace w'en he was young, an' went to steamboatin'. One

thing's certain—he could quote more scripture in the way o' cuss-words, 'n any feller 'long the valley. Yes, sir! Curious critter—was ol' Cap Mingo; big an' hairy as a bear—an' had a voice like a towboat's whistle. Years an' years ago, he used to run the Otter, from here to Zanesville, up in the morning' an' back in the evenin'. An' you bet she alluz left the wharf here on time—five o'clock, to the tick o' the watch! He wouldn't wait a second on nobody n'r nothin'. People set the'r clocks by the whistle o' his boat. Some folks, we'n they'd be a minute late, an' git left, 'd snort an' rip around an' raise Cain gener'ly; but it didn't do no good. All ol' Cap 'd say was:

"The Otter b'longs to Captain Sam Mingo; an' he runs er' to suit himself. She leaves at five o'clock—wind 'r calm, rain 'r shine; an' folks that ain't on board by *that* time, can *walk*!"

"Ol' Aunt M'lissy, his wife, was a good, easy-goin' soul, an' a Christian; an' Cap's ways an' doin's was a great cross to 'er sometimes.

"One evenin' she says to him: 'Sam, I'm thinkin' o' goin' up to Zanesville with you, to-morrer.'

"You're talkin' to Captain Mingo, mam,' he answers, swellin' out his chist.

"Well, Captain Mingo,' she laughs, humorin' him as she alluz done, 'can y'r wife ride on y'r boat, to-morrer?'

"If you're on board at five o'clock, Mrs. Mingo,' he answers, without crackin' a smile.

"S'pose I'm a few minutes late?' she says.

"The Otter leaves the wharf at five o'clock, Mrs. Mingo.'

"But, maybe I won't wake up in time,' she complains.

"The Otter blows her first whistle at half past four, Mrs. Mingo.'

"An' that was all she could git out o' him.

"Well, the next mornin' w'en she got

to the wharf, the Otter was jest pullin' out. Aunt M'lissy waved 'er han'kerchief an' screamed:

"Sam Mingo, what d' you mean? Come back in here!"

"Who is it?' ol' Cap bellers from the hurricane deck—fer it was still dark as nigger pray'r meetin'.

"It's me—M'lissy!' she yells.

"Well, Mrs. Mingo,' he answers, as the boat swings 'er nose out an' starts up the river, 'you're jest thirty-three seconds too late. The Otter leaves at five o'clock.'"

Jim's cigar had gone out, through neglect. He stooped, grunting dismally, and relighted the charred stump, at the gas fire.

"An odd character, indeed," I remarked by way of suggestion.

"Odder'n a white blackbird," he muttered, his coarse voice rumbling up from what seemed immeasurable depths.

Then, after a few vigorous pulls at his cigar, and a dubious glance or two from the tail of his eye at its glowing end, he resumed reminiscently:

"Finally broke up in the steamboatin' business an' took a gover'nment contract down on the public works, at the end o' the river. Sent his wife home a certain 'mount o' money ev'ry month, to live on. Was down there some three years; an' w'en he come back he hadn't saved a cent.

"One rainy day he was loafin' 'round the house, an' doin' a good 'eal o' grumblin' 'bout his bad luck, an' M'lissy says to him: 'Captain Mingo, what's the matter with you, anyhow?'

"Sam Mingo, now, if you please, mam,' he answers 'way down in his boots. 'A man that hain't got no money n'r nothin', n'r no luck neither, hain't got no right to a handle to his name. Plain Sam Mingo, from this on, mam.'

"Well, what's the matter with you, anyhow?' she wants to know.

"Broke — busted — that's all,' he

growls. 'Been workin' three years, an' hain't got a penny—not a red. Won't never git another start, that way. 'F I had a thousan' dollars 'r so, right now, I would git a sheer in that new boat that's bein' built at Marietta, an' soon be on my feet ag'in'.'

"You don't read y'r Bible often 'nough, Sam,' M'lissy says, smilin'. 'You might have more money if—'

"Oh, the devil!" he snorts. 'Religion don't make money fer nobody but preachers!'

"How do *you* know?" his wife laughs.

"You've never tried it."

"'N'r I ain't *goin'* to,' he answers, marchin' over to the winder an' lookin' out at the pourin' rain.

"Well,' she says kind o' slow, an' 'er voice a-tremblin', it wouldn't do you no harm to read y'r Bible once in a while, anyhow. It'll please me; an' you *might* find something' in it that'll comfort you an' cheer you up."

"Humph,' he snorts, shruggin' his big shoulders.

"M'lissy went out of the room; an' ol' Cap stood at the winder, a-mumblin' fer quite a spell. But his wife's words had stuck in his craw; an' he couldn't git red of 'em. Finally, bein' lonesome an' havin' the blues so bad, an' not havin' anything else to do, he sets down, takes the big family Bible on his lap, an' opens it up.

"Well, sir, there laid a fifty dollar bill, snuggled in between the leaves! Ol' Cap took it out an' turned over another leaf 'r two; an' there was another one. An' 'fore he got up from his chair he took some seventeen hundred out o' that Bible. His wife had saved ev'ry cent of it out o' the money he'd sent 'er to live on."

Jim yawned, stretched, and struggled to his feet, his cigar stub showing red between his bearded lips.

"Going?" I asked.

He bobbed an affirmative.

"And the old fellow's dead, eh?"

"Died last night, 'bout 'leven o'clock," he answered as he closed the door.

On Dark Days and Friendship

By LEAVENWORTH MACNAB

A CHEERLESS sky looked into the cheerless face of the ocean. An aimless breeze wandered among the dry reeds and danced over the dead grass in the hollow where the Boy sat. He was staring across the shivering sand dunes and the fretful waves, staring into a future that took on all the bleak, hopeless tints of the day.

"There is a rapture by the lonely shore," quoted the Gentleman as he and the Girl broke softly in upon the somber day dream.

"Is there?" said the Boy. "I suppose then you've found it. I believe that there's nothing but happiness in the

world you inhabit." His eyes were still fixed on the ocean and the irritability in his tone told that he resented the intrusion.

"There should be only happiness in the world I inhabit; but, much as I hate to confess it, shadows do obscure the light from me at times. I have not climbed above the clouds yet."

"I am surprised to hear you admit that. Your philosophy, I thought, forbade one's making such an admission. I came out here to get away from your philosophy. One can be one's self with the waves and the fog. I grow tired of the masks of cheerfulness, some times,

and of the friends who are hidden from me, behind them. The sorrow-freighted ocean will always listen to me and sympathize. She has known the griefs of ages. To her arms millions, weary of the tortures of living, have fled and she has whispered comfort and carried them to eternal peace.

"I want to be alone. I know how distasteful my moods are to you. Fair weather people can never understand the storms of doubt and discontent that sweep at times over me. They only increase the fury by their calm content.

"But what's the use of talking. Don't let me spoil your day. Leave me alone, please."

"So you don't know me yet," said the Gentleman quietly—there was a hint of sadness in his tone—"and I have been thinking that we were very close to one another. I am your friend, and friendship cannot come into our lives until all masks are cast aside and soul knows soul. There are no such things as fair-weather friends. The one who demands that we wear a mood that may please his fancy when we encounter him, has no claim to the name friend. The compact of friendship breaks down all formal barriers and gives us access to each other's lives. And only insincerity can break the compact.

"I am sorry for you when I see you in moods that make you miserable, for I have run the whole gamut of moods and know the torture of discord they can awaken. And I am not free from them yet. We never are as long as we remain human and worth while.

"But don't fancy that friendship is so brittle a thing that moods or sorrows can break it. It is on the dark days of life that friendship oftenest bursts into bloom. Whatever your burden may be never fear to ask a friend to share it. He will always be glad to help you over the rough places, and the heaviest burden is light when some one bears it with

us for friendship's sake.

"None of us is strong enough to walk the way of life alone. We are all weak and hopeless at some stages of the journey and must reach out through the gloom for a hand clasp. I am glad it is so; these hand clasps form a chain that reaches on to God.

"After awhile you'll grow above the storms you speak of. That will be when you fully realize that life has a fixed purpose and that the tempests of passions and doubt and discontent have their rise in our ignorance of that purpose. The gold you gather, the fame you win, and all the glory that the toil of hand and brain can weave, count for nothing in the ultimate reckoning. It's the work you do for work's sake that brings peace and harmony and all the everlasting things that gold or glory cannot buy. But you'll never, in this living—and I hope not in the next or any living—grow above the comfort that is in friendship.

"When loneliness and doubt, or any of the ten thousand cares that crowd in upon us, come, don't put on a laughing mask or don't seek the solitudes; but remember that dark days are friendship's best days and that two can always carry a burden better than one."

"See," cried the Girl, breaking in on the silence that followed the Gentleman's talk, "the fickle old ocean has forgotten her grief and is flirting with the sun. Let us walk across the dunes. They will be glorious in the red sunset that is coming."

"And we'll have dinner at a queer little place I discovered yesterday," said the Gentleman, "and then—"

"You'll play some of the wonderful things Moskowsky's moods have given us, while we mount up on the melody and take a peep into heaven."

"I wish I were not a fool," said the Boy, as he started merrily toward the dunes, and the Girl and the Gentleman joined in the laugh he started.

MEN AND AFFAIRS OF MODERN MEXICO

*THE DEVELOPMENT OF TROPICAL AGRICULTURE

By S. GLEN ANDRUS

WITHIN the next ten years agricultural industries in the republic of Mexico will produce greater profits than her mines of silver and gold and her smelters combined.

This astounding prophecy was made to me by Colonel J. A. Robertson of Monterey, who perhaps better than any other American knows the conditions today with reference to mining, agriculture and manufacturing in Mexico. During the past few years over \$500,000,000 of American capital has been invested in the republic and this figure will be greatly exceeded in the next five years. Mexico's mountains and hills are over-run with prospectors from the States; the valleys and hot lands are being invaded by an army which represents many millions of foreign capital and her resources are being subjected to rigid inspection by men who stand ready to spend vast sums in developing them.

The Mexico of twenty, even ten years ago, is gone to return no more, and the awakening of a nation is being accomplished by an in-pouring of foreign

capital in a rapidly increasing volume. Almost limitless resources, which have lain dormant for centuries while a stagnant nation, steeped in idolatry and ignorance, was passing through a slow process of evolution, are fast being developed. Until recently, however, foreign capital in Mexico has sought the mines, the railroads, the manufacturing and the cattle rather than the agricultural industries. Investors are now beginning

COLONEL J. A. ROBERTSON OF MONTEREY



* The fourth of a series of illustrated articles prepared for the National by Mr. Andrus. The first, "The King of All the Cattle Kings," appeared in the October number; the second, "The Passing of Mexico's Man on Horseback," in November; the third, "The Miracle of the Batilopas Mines," in December.

to realize that Mexico grows wild many of the staple food products for which the markets of the world stand open and receptive. Far-seeing capitalists know that a movement is on foot which promises to result in a new treaty placing Mexico and the United States on a basis of trade reciprocity. It is not, therefore, strange that capital should be eagerly turning to the tropical and subtropical areas of the republic where the indian has for ages tapped the rubber tree in its wild state, plucked bananas from trees which needed no cultivation, and taken his coffee from plants which grew in riotous profusion without the aid of man.

Chances For Home-Seekers

There is today, throughout the United States, a surprising interest in Mexico from the standpoints of the investor and the practical farmer. Every one is asking what are the opportunities presented in the republic for the home-seeker—the man who has saved enough to buy a small farm. What are the chances for and against such home-seekers? Do the climate and general conditions favor him, and is Mexico worth consideration by the man seeking a home in a new country? These are practical questions which touch humanity deeply and should be answered honestly. To begin, I want to go on record as saying that I cannot conceive of any intelligent person taking an extended trip in the tropics of Mexico and through the cooler portions of the country without becoming enthusiastic regarding the chances offered both to the investor, the home-seeker and the tiller of the soil.

I do not mean to say, however, that either class will find Mexico a primrose path. There are difficulties to be encountered and overcome, and conditions strange and new to be met, understood and mastered. There are snares and pitfalls set for the unwary, and he who would avoid them must go forewarned

and armed with a fair knowledge of the country, its customs, its people, its climate, its resources and its soil. But to the man who is seeking a home with perhaps only \$2,500 capital, Mexico offers a pleasant prospect if he goes about his home-seeking intelligently. The same logic applies with equal force to the investor, be he large or small from a financial standpoint.

The republic could easily support ten times her present population, almost, it might be said, without being compelled to seek foreign markets to a great extent. Within the next five years 1,000,000 thrifty agriculturists could be settled on suitable farms in Mexico with infinite gain to themselves and to the Mexican nation. This, however, will not be accomplished if the *hacendados*, or estate owners, persist in holding immense tracts of land which they are either unable or unwilling to cultivate. It is recognized by the Mexican government that the present population and wealth of the country is far from sufficient to develop her resources to the fullest extent, but as yet no step has been taken toward breaking up the vast estates now held in idleness. After the conquest, Cortez seems to have parceled out the country in vast estates to his followers and the grandees of Spain as a reward for their support and loyalty. These estates have come down from generation to generation and are today the greatest drawback to Mexico's development agriculturally.

Gradually, however, the process of disintegration is setting in and here and there estate owners have been compelled to let go their vast holdings to replenish impoverished coffers. Others, tempted by the prices offered by foreign investment companies, have parted with their estates, so that all over the republic these large holdings are being split up into small farms and sold to home-seekers. This accounts for the fact that there are

so many American investment companies which today own land holdings of from 10,000 to 160,000 acres in the republic. Realizing as they do the truth of the situation, it is a reasonable presumption that before long the Mexican government officials will decide to impose a tax on land instead of its products. Such a measure would result in the speedy breaking up of large entailed estates in the republic, for the private owners of great haciendas could not pay taxes long on lands which were not under cultivation.

As an illustration of what some of the American companies are accomplishing in Mexico, the Motzorongo company, which has offices in Minneapolis, Chicago and other large cities, may be taken as a fair example. After the death of

General Pacheco, this company secured his vast estates, consisting of about 160,000 acres, centering about the town of Motzorongo, a short distance south of Cordoba. Almost concurrent with their acquisition, American capital spent millions in building the Vera Cruz & Pacific railroad, extending south from Cordoba to the Isthmus and giving this section the best of transportation facilities. General Pacheco had spent over \$2,000,000 in developing his estates and the present owners have prepared 25,000 acres of land for sugar culture, have planted over 200,000 full bearing coffee trees and over 1,000,000 young trees, have over 10,000 acres of land under profitable orange and lemon culture and have dotted their possessions with mills and improvements. In such a way alone

THE HARVEST ON A COFFEE PLANTATION IN MOTZORONGO



can the vast landed estates of Mexico be prepared for the home-seeker and the investor.

Transportation and Labor

Improvement of transportation facilities has made the agricultural development of the country not only possible but extremely desirable from every standpoint. Better than most countries, Mexico is geographically situated so that the markets of the world are easily available. With ocean and gulf on three sides, with numberless harbors capable of being made among the finest in the world and with over sixty railroad companies having more than 10,000 miles of track, the republic is ripe for a development of its resources. The managers of railroads like the Mexican Central in the republic, and like the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific in the States, are fully alive to the possibilities and are offering the most flattering inducements to home-seekers along the line of the Mexican Central.

Just a word should be said regarding labor. The average pay of the farm hand is from twenty to twenty-five cents per day. The laborer finds his wants in the tropics easily supplied, and is happy and contented. This, together with climatic conditions which cannot be surpassed, and the fact that the investor and home-seeker finds his capital more than doubled the moment he crosses the border, add to the attractiveness of the proposition.

Germane to the subject of agriculture is the topography of the country. There are three classes of lands in Mexico corresponding to climatic conditions, as follows: *mesa* or table lands, temperate lands and hot lands. The *mesa* lands are those which lie on the backbone of the country, in width from El Paso to Laredo on the Rio Grande and in length extending southward almost to Mexico City. On either side of this zone lie the temperate lands and along the Gulf and

Pacific coasts lie the hot lands. There are still other hot lands south of Mexico City and along the Isthmus of Tehauntepec and in the states of Yucatan, Oaxaca, Tabasco and Campeche. The *mesa* lands are, most of all lands in Mexico, subject to drouth. They lie usually from 3,000 to 5,000 and even 7,000 feet above sea level and only portions are susceptible to profitable cultivation. In the valleys and where there is irrigation corn, wheat, barley and beans are grown and immense sections are devoted to the raising of cattle, horses, sheep and goats.

The temperate lands, which lie between the *mesa* and hot lands and extend parallel with the Gulf and Pacific coasts, and the hot lands are the ones in which the small investor and the home-seeker are most largely interested. In the temperate zones sugar, corn and fruit abound and are capable of profitable cultivation, while in the hot lands sugar, coffee, rubber, pineapples, bananas, cocoa, chicha, henequin, vanilla, chocolate, tobacco and almost every kind of tropical fruit are indigenous. It may be truthfully asserted that certain sections of Mexico are better adapted to the cultivation of rubber than any known place on this continent. The rubber tree requires an abundant rainfall distributed throughout the year and a deep, rich, well drained soil with a temperature purely tropical. These conditions are best found at the base of the northern mountain slopes in the state of Chiapas, notably the Tulija valley, where the growth and yield are phenomenal. But such is the profit in rubber growing that planting is being done where the dry season, which lasts several months, retards the growth of the tree and reduces the ultimate yield. Particularly is this true of the state of Vera Cruz and of certain portions of Oaxaca, Tabasco and Campeche and all of that territory along the Tehauntepec and the Vera Cruz & Pacific railroads.

Capital's Best Crop Is Rubber

It has only been within the last eight or ten years that any organized effort has been made to produce coffee and rubber in the republic. Data regarding the culture of the rubber tree and the exact results in dollars and cents is therefore exceedingly difficult to obtain. Rubber culture, however, probably offers the most flattering inducements to large investors who have the time to wait for their returns. Rubber is as indispensable as cotton, wheat or coal. American manufacturers alone are consuming annually over 60,000,000 pounds of crude rubber worth at least \$40,000,000. The supply falls far short of the demand, the rubber coming mainly from the almost inaccessible regions of the Amazon, Peru, Central America and Mexico. Until recently it has been brought to civilization by the Indian, who has for years tapped the trees to death in the trackless forests. Consequently as years passed the Indian was compelled to go further and still further from civilization for the world's supply of rubber. Realizing the gravity of the situation the United States government at last requested all the consuls in rubber producing countries to name a remedy, and the universal reply was: "The cultivated rubber tree."

Consequently, commercial rubber or-

RUBBER TREE TWO YEARS OLD



chards in regions which are habitable, with safety to life and health, by the white man, and managed and conducted under scientific forestry methods, are fast becoming the rule in the hot lands of Mexico. The plan pursued by most agricultural investment companies is the following: as soon as an acre of rubber land is sold it is planted with 600 rubber trees. Fully 400 of these are "tapped to death" before maturity, leaving 200 trees, which is the normal at maturity per acre of land. The advantage of this method is that the investment can be made to pay returns the first year instead of waiting from five to eight years for the trees to reach maturity. Probably rubber is the most profitable industry in tropical Mexico. The trees will bear longer than any other product, they require no care or cultivation after reaching maturity and their product is non-perishable.

The production of sugar in Mexico falls far below the consumption in that country, whereas coffee production has reached the point where over 60,000,000 pounds, valued at over \$6,000,000, were

SUGAR CANE PLANTATION



exported to the United States during 1901. Parenthetically it might be stated that during the last five years the average annual value of Mexico's agricultural exports to the United States has been \$15,500,000 gold, while the imports of American agricultural products into Mexico last year reached the value of \$392,000,000. Mexico now occupies the eleventh place in the list of countries supplying agricultural products, furnishing only 3.7 per cent of the total. These figures alone indicate the tremendous possibilities that exist for the extension of tropical agriculture. One of the most alluring industries of the tropics is coffee raising. Mexico produces a much finer grade of coffee than Brazil, yet the latter country exports to the United States more than \$40,000,000 worth of coffee annually, while Mexico has averaged but \$3,250,000 annually. It is now generally known that Mexico produces as fine tobacco as can be produced in any country in the world, and yet Mexico does not supply one-fourth of one per cent of American tobacco imports. Mexican sugar has not become a factor in the markets of the world, yet American imports of this staple from all sources reach \$100,000,000 annually. Despite this fact, there is not another country in the world where such an abundant yield can be obtained with a minimum of cultivation. Corn and beans, which form the basis of food supply of the laboring classes, are raised in large quantities, but the production is still far below the consumption of the country.

Although but a small portion of Mexico is adaptable to the cultivation of sugar and coffee, rubber, rice, cotton and tobacco, the aggregate acreage is enormous and the field is practically just opening.

Regarding the future of the sugar industry, much of interest could be written. Its production can be carried on with

equal profit by the wealthy planter with his hacienda of many thousand acres and his refineries costing many hundred thousand dollars, and by the poor renter of a few acres with wooden tools and copper kettle. The rich planter produces the refined article, while the poor farmer supplies the demand for brown sugar. Sugar production may be begun on a small scale, and when industriously pursued soon enables the farmer to branch out and become a large planter. The sugar lands of Mexico are in every state in the republic except that of Tlaxcala and the District Federal, and cane is grown with excellent results from the sea level to the table lands 4,000 and 5,000 feet in altitude. Just think of sugar cane fourteen feet high and seven and one-half inches in circumference with a normal yield of between thirty and fifty tons per acre! The cost of production is as low as in any country and sugar in Mexico, it is asserted, can be raised at a profit if sold for only one cent per pound; whereas, the price for first grade has varied during the past ten years from ten to seven and a half cents per pound. In 1895 the production of sugar in the republic was double that of 1900, so that the industry has not been prosecuted with increasing vigor. It is almost inconceivable that a country with such magnificent resources and with such unparalleled conditions of climate, could so long be at the very door of the United States and attract such scant recognition.

In the foot hills, near the eastern coast and north of the range which approaches the gulf above the city of Vera Cruz and south of Tuxpan, lies one of the most fertile and beautiful regions to be found in any country. Here coffee of the finest quality grows with greater luxuriance than in any other portion of the republic and possibly anywhere in the world. Planting in this region is increasing at the rate of at least sixty per cent annually.

Xilitla, a town forty-five miles southwest of Valles, is the headquarters of the coffee growers. Coffee is indigenous in this region, the trees which grow wild giving very good crops. During the forty-three years that coffee has been cultivated here, there has been but one crop failure. Stories which flavor of exaggeration are told regarding the profits and yield of this section, but suffice to say that no-where is the coffee industry to be seen at better advantage. Good coffee lands come high, but are the cheapest in the long run. Coffee lands already planted cost about \$100 per acre; but jungle lands, equally as good and fertile, can be had for about \$4.00 per acre.

The fertility of this Mexican paradise is almost beyond belief. For example, in China the rule in planting productive coffee lands is eleven hundred trees to the acre, while in this district so luxuriant is the growth that four hundred and fifty trees are the limit. It must be borne in mind also that this wonderful section of country will make a pineapple tree which has been set out in March

produce fruit in December and keep on producing forever. The same is equally

STOCK FARM IN A TROPICAL VALLEY



true of sugar cane and bananas. The selling price of the coffee at the plantations has been for some years about \$27 per one hundred pounds, and the yield is between two hundred and fifty and five hundred pounds per acre.

Possibilities in Fruit Culture

Vastly increased transportation facilities in the republic and better port facilities have caused a greatly increased

consumption of tropical fruits in the United States. This fact has caused a boom in the banana culture in Mexico which promises to become exceedingly profitable. Baron Humboldt declared that an acre of ground planted to banana trees would produce more food at less cost than any other known crop. Although the United States is the greatest consumer of bananas, and Mexico the best adapted

PULQUE FARM ON THE MEXICAN CENTRAL RAILWAY



country to the culture of the fruit, the field has been sadly neglected. The hill country tributary to the port of Tampico is best adapted to the cultivation of bananas, and in fact every variety of tropical fruit thrives there. Oranges, pineapples, guaves, chicas, lemons and granaditas grow there to perfection. An acre of land will produce from seven hundred to eight hundred bunches of fruit per year at a cost of not over eight cents per bunch. They are worth at the plantation forty cents and will yield an average net profit of \$225 an acre, Mexican money. The capital necessary to establish a plantation is considerably less than that required for coffee, sugar or oranges. The plants come into bearing ten months after planting and are not afflicted with blight or diseases.

It can safely be said that \$8,000 is all that is necessary to buy seventy acres of

land, build ditches, plant and cultivate the grove for two years. During that period the plantation will yield at least 54,000 bunches of fruit, worth at least forty cents per bunch. The cultivation of bananas is exceedingly simple, does not require expert knowledge, and the returns are quick and plentiful.

It is not an exaggeration to say that the cultivation of oranges bids fair soon to become an important part in the economical development of the republic. Both oranges and lemons are native to many sections in Mexico, and under skillful cultivation reach a degree of superior excellence.

The area of land in Mexico suitable to the cultivation of oranges is somewhat restricted, as it is in the United States. The average yield is from eight hundred to one thousand oranges per tree and the price ranges from \$6.50 to \$11 per thousand on the tree. At one hundred trees to the acre and the price at \$6.50, the yield would amount to \$520.

In order to place the orange grower in position to take advantage of the markets in the States, the Mexican Central and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific roads have inaugurated a special orange train service clear from the Lerma Valley, in the state of Jalisco, to Chicago.

In a magazine article it is only possible barely to touch upon a subject so vast as that of tropical agriculture in the republic of Mexico. It is a fascinating subject in a fascinating country possessed of illimitable possibilities. There is both room and opportunity for countless home-seekers in Mexico, and the hegira has already begun. The colonist and the investor who seek the tropic and temperate zones of the republic during the succeeding five years will find a country filled to overflowing with "milk and honey"—truly a promised land as inviting as the inheritance of ancient Israel, which Moses was permitted to view from the mountain top.

COFFEE TREE AND BERRIES



The Way to the North Pole

An Experienced Navigator and Student of Arctic Exploration Proposes that Ten Vessels, Built by and Named for American Millionaires, and Kept in Constant Communication by Wireless Telegraph, Shall Line Up Thirty Miles Apart and Emulate the Fram's Drift with the Polar Ice: a Picked Expedition from the Ships Nearest the Pole to Attain that Point by a March Over the Ice.

By CAPTAIN ARTHUR McGRAY,

Former Navigating Officer, S. S. St. Louis

THE year 1902 has witnessed the failure of no less than three of the best equipped expeditions which ever set sail for the Frozen North. The amount of intelligence embodied in the arrangements for each was exceeded only by the courageous energy of those to whom the command in the field was entrusted. Peary, Sverdrup and Baldwin have returned with a record of success, so far as the discovery of the Pole is concerned, little better than that which they enjoyed before.

Peary, journeying over the pack-ice along the coast of Greenland, and the lands farther north, with Esquimaux and dogs for co-workers and companions, embarked with his sledges on the face of the frozen sea, hoping to reach the Pole. Success was impossible with the limited force at his disposal. His northernmost base of supplies was at once too far from open water and too great a distance from his objective point. From the moment any expedition sets foot on the great ice field north of Greenland it must contend with, and make headway over, a desert of open water lanes, and ridges of ice piled up in great blocks of every conceivable form, and partially filled in between with snow, which deceives the eye, and sends the intruder sprawling headlong at a moment when his footing appears sure. Weighted down with

heavy furs, the effectiveness of his labor is minimized, *and worse than all, the very ice over which he is struggling North is constantly drifting southward; in fact, it moves so fast that unless good progress is made every day the explorer is not surprised to find, after a week of hard struggle, that he is further south than he was seven days before.*

From the date of the first attempt to reach the Pole, by this route, every expedition has encountered and been defeated by the southward moving ice pack. We wondered that Peary kept on trying this route after all other explorers had pronounced it impracticable. No doubt he had some good reason for it, although some years ago the writer casually named this "the greased pole route," because it appeared evident to him that for no length of time could a small expedition travel north as fast as the ice would carry it south.

Sverdrup, in the renowned Fram, has just returned from his voyage, while the Baldwin-Zeigler expedition has ended ignobly. All too bad that the expenditure of so much valuable time and immense sums of money should fail to divulge the secrets of the inner circle of the polar region.

It is not our purpose to predict what will be found at the Pole, or what advantages will result from its discovery.

Enough to say that the majority of scientific men believe the sum of human knowledge will be invaluabley increased by a close observance of the conditions which exist at this point; and so long as any portion of the earth may retain a secret just so long will man pursue to solve it. Men of the twentieth century will not hesitate to undertake any task which men imposed upon themselves in the sixteenth, and we predict it will be your privilege and ours, within the next ten years, and very likely sooner, to converse with men who have stood exactly at the North Pole.

From the year 1587, when Davis made his first northern voyage, down to the present moment, nearly all expeditions in this direction are fearful records of privation, suffering and death. On the tombstone of polar exploration are written many illustrious names. Some were great by birth, others the chosen children of fate; but all were giants in bravery. Some have undertaken the journey with boat and sledge, some with ships, and one in a balloon. Perhaps in all the world no venture has called for greater courage than this latter. We admit it was madness in the highest degree, but nevertheless it must provoke intense admiration. The man who deliberately conceived and imposed upon himself the construction of an air ship, and cheerfully embarked upon it for a wild flight across the great unknown of the North, was a hero; but very few of us would accept such a challenge to earn the title. At most, Andree could merely expect to catch a hurried glimpse of this region, without any opportunity for close observation, and under the usual conditions of mist or blinding snow there was small likelihood of his seeing anything at all. He staked everything on favoring winds and a clear atmosphere. It was a game between man and the elements, and the man lost, but by what margin no history may ever tell.

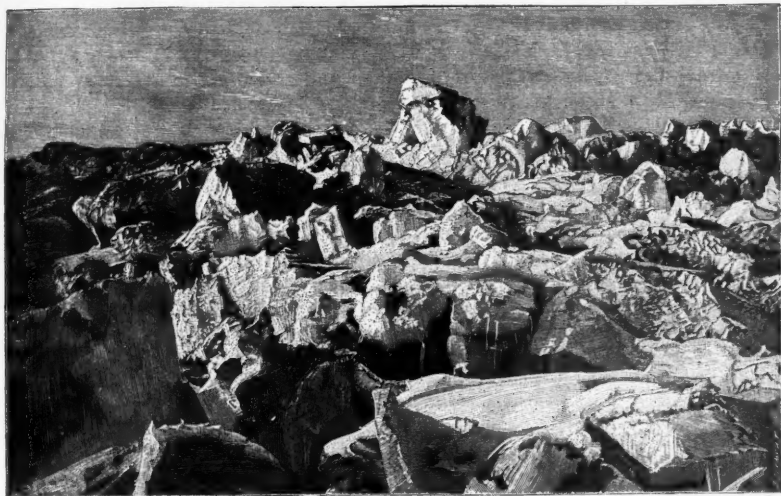
The Way Pointed Out by Melville

Our study of polar expeditions naturally leads us to some conclusions regarding their successful accomplishment, as well as the most practicable way of going about it. We do not believe that any expedition having for its object "a dash for the Pole" can return "value received" for the necessary outlay. Providing the coveted spot was reached by this method, all members of the party would certainly be fatigued and worn out on their arrival there, and without food or energy for any extended stay or observation. Merely to reach the Pole under such conditions is unworthy the highest intelligence of this age.

Lieutenant DeLong was without doubt the first to map out a practicable route to the Pole, and the Jeannette would undoubtedly have drifted close to it, had she kept afloat. It is intensely interesting, after the lapse of twenty years, to observe the probable line of drift, as laid down by Rear Admiral George W. Melville, of the "Jeanette," had she survived the terrible ice pressures off the New Siberian islands. In his book, *In the Lena Delta*, he shows on a map three routes, over some one of which he thinks the Jeannette would have reached the Atlantic Ocean. How wonderfully true he traced these lines can only be appreciated by comparing them with the drift of the Fram nearly fifteen years afterward. So true indeed that there can be no question about the correctness of the theory advanced by Lieutenant De Long in 1875 and by him carried out until the sinking of his ship in 1881, under the courageous patronage of James Gordon Bennett, the greatest living friend of modern explorers. Disappointing and pitifully tragic as was the ending of the Jeannette expedition, as an expedition, yet parts of the wreckage clung to the polar ice fields, and less than three years afterward were found on the southwest coast of Greenland. Silently and alone

THE ARCTIC HIGHWAY—RUBBLE AND HUMMOCKY ICE

From a photograph reproduced in "Thirty Years of Arctic Service," by A. W. Greeley. Copyrighted, 1886, by Chas. Scribners' Sons.



these relics completed the long drift which Commander De Long had anticipated for his ship, when, worn and chafed from contact with Arctic ice, and cast upon an inhospitable strand, they told the tale for the first time of the polar drift with greater certainty than had been possible before.

It was in 1884 that Professor Mohn, writing in the Norwegian *Morgenblad*, gave to Nansen his first idea of drifting a ship across the Pole, through the agency of this current, although it was not until 1893 that the little *Fram* started on her wonderful journey. On her return from the long drift from off the New Siberian islands to the open sea north of Spitzbergen, and the return of her valiant commander, who left his ship at latitude 84 E. longitude 103, with one companion and twenty-eight dogs, and made his famous "dash for the Pole," a new story was told of Arctic conditions. Something had been added to the unspoken words of the Jeannette relics. The world was allowed for the first time to

gaze upon a ship which had sailed this sea of ice for more than two thousand miles, and escaped destruction among hundreds of ice pressures. It had been proved that a ship could be constructed to withstand every ice pressure encountered and the *Fram* was the first ship originally constructed from keel to truck to meet these abnormal conditions. What has been done admits of no contradiction, and no doubt a ship still stronger if necessary than the *Fram* is both possible and practicable, for we must remember that this was Nansen's first attempt in ship building, and experience always counts.

Soon after Nansen's return the Duke of Abruzzi fitted out a polar expedition that went northward over the route which Nansen and his companion followed on their retreat, after reaching within two hundred and twenty-six miles of the Pole. This expedition made a phenomenal record. In one season it penetrated further north than had been reached before, or to within two hundred

and seven miles of the Pole itself, and returned to civilization.

Many of our readers may not remember that when Nansen left the *Fram*, March 14, 1895, his vessel was then distant from the Pole three hundred and sixty miles, and consequently he and Johansen traveled only one hundred and thirty-four miles northward in the twenty-four days to April 7, when, overawed by the tremendous obstacles encountered, they took up the retreat. They had averaged only five and six-tenths miles per day northward, and at this rate it would require forty more days to reach the Pole, where, without food, and physically exhausted, their return would be impossible and their lives foolishly sacrificed.

Subsequent events proved the retreat was taken up none too early for their self preservation; as witnessed by the long journey of four months over the ice before reaching land.

Eight months, almost to a day, after Nansen left the *Fram*, and while he and Johansen were passing the beginning of the long winter night in camp at Franz Joseph Land, that little vessel, carried along by the drifting ice, reached a latitude of 85 deg., 55 min., 5 sec. N., or only eighteen and one-half miles less distance from the Pole than had Nansen and his companion; only thirty-seven and one-half miles less than the "dash" of the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition, and ninety-eight and one-half miles nearer the Pole than Lieutenant Peary on the voyage from which he has just returned. Had the *Fram* reached this point four or five months earlier in her voyage, or during the polar daylight, Nansen's one hundred and thirty-four mile dash over the ice would have taken him to north latitude 88:097.5, or only one hundred and ten and one-half miles from the Pole itself. With so short a distance remaining to be covered, who can estimate the temptation to keep on?

Theories on Which the Plan Is Based

So far we have been able to deal with facts, and they are certainly both significant and necessary in formulating a convincing method for reaching the Pole, without sacrifice of life, or even placing it in unreasonable peril. The theories we shall advance in this connection have all been indisputably substantiated.

First—That it is possible to construct a vessel capable of withstanding any ice pressure likely to be encountered.

Second—That the pack ice lying northwest of the New Siberian islands follows a line of drift to the Atlantic about midway between Franz Joseph Land and the Pole.

Third—That up to within two hundred and seven miles of the Pole the ice is no different in character from that three hundred and seven, and very little different from that of four hundred and seven miles from the goal of the Arctic explorer, for the open water lanes and the ice hummocks formed by the pressure when these closed together, drove Nansen back from his "Farthest North."

That there is a limit beyond which these open water lanes do not exist, we have no doubt; but we feel equally certain that this limit is bounded only by numerous islands, or a continent, lying far to the northwest of Grinnell or Grant Land, and which probably extends quite near to, if not entirely to the Pole.

The reader will now do well to keep before him a map of the polar regions, and while the one here given is valuable for general references, we believe a better and more interesting understanding of this article will result from a frequent reference to the beautifully colored

plate No. 3 in the *Century Dictionary and Encyclopedia*. It is fully up-to-date and gives the various lines of drift to which we shall often refer.

Two Routes and Two Methods

After a long and close study of the subject we do not hesitate to hazard the statement that only two routes and two methods are open for reaching the Pole.

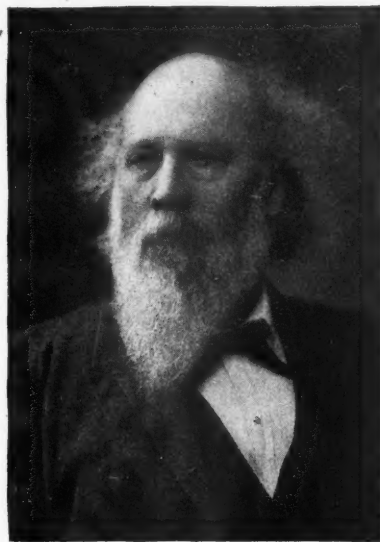
First—The plan proposed by Admiral Melville, of establishing an elaborate depot at the northern part of Franz Joseph Land, where, with abundant supplies of food, large reserves of men, and hundreds of dogs and sledges, an expedition could set out northward over the five hundred miles of ice between this point and the Pole, and by pushing forward with this equipment keep the vanguard of the expedition within easy distance of a continuous base of supplies. Or, briefly, a sufficient force to keep pushing supplies forward constantly in such quantities and to such points as would relieve the main, or any other portion of the expedition from any concern whatever as to food, and from the necessity of performing any extraordinary manual labor, thus keeping it free from such hardship and fatigue as would unfit it for the highest degree of efficient work and scientific observation upon arriving at ninety degrees.

Second—By the organization of an expedition consisting of ten small vessels, similar to the *Fram*, and placing them systematically in the ice pack north of Bennett Island, thirty miles apart, east and west, and from thence to be carried northward

with the ice-drift, on the lines laid down by De Long, and proven practicable by Nansen.

The first proposition could probably be accomplished successfully, if the weather conditions were favorable to holding together the ice pack north of Franz Joseph Land; but if the winds should continue for any length of time from the northward, wide lanes would

REAR ADMIRAL GEORGE W. MELVILLE, U.S.N.



open everywhere, progress would be slow, and communication with the base of supplies dangerously interfered with, or perhaps entirely cut off. However, the desirability of discovering the Pole is so important that if another and more practical way were not open, we should not hesitate to follow the plan advocated by Admiral Melville; and if, as he says, the first year proved unfavorable, we would wait for one which was. And when we remember that his method was devised some eighty years ago, it was without doubt the most brilliant conception which had been propounded in

this direction, and its author is justly entitled to the greatest renown. Today we have more experience; equipment has been improved; many theories have been tested; and in fact the progress of the world has been such that Admiral Melville may well feel a pride in the publication of his plans at that early day, especially since, on a less elaborate scale, the expedition of the Duke of Abruzzi, following his method, attained, only two years ago, the highest northern point upon which the foot of man has ever trod.

Terrible Difficulties of Polar Sledging

Before entering specifically upon the details of how best, and with unfailing certainty the Pole may be reached, we must picture to some degree, (for it is impossible for the pen of man fully to do so) the terrible obstacles standing in the way of accomplishing this task by sledging over the ice. This method always has entailed, and always will entail, the carrying of large quantities of food for both men and dogs. The fewer the former in numbers the less the weight of food to transport; the greater number of dogs the less manual labor for the men. But they too must have food, and little of this has been obtained north of eighty-four degrees, consequently Arctic explorers, operating by this method, have to take into account the length of time they can keep going on a given number of ounces of food per day for themselves; how many rations a certain number of dogs will haul, killing them as the load decreases and feeding their flesh to the survivors, day by day, until the regular food supply becomes exhausted; and after that, how long the intrepid explorer can exist upon the flesh of the remaining dogs. As dogs are of less account than men, the fewer the men and the more plentiful the dogs, the greater the chance of covering the ground rapidly, which is the foremost considera-

tion. The fewer the men, the more manual labor for each, for camps must be made and struck, dogs must be fed, harnesses and sledges mended, food must be prepared, observations taken and "worked up," while events must be recorded promptly and systematically; otherwise all is in vain.

But the explorer is always brave, and sometimes reckless. He counts his strength at the setting out far greater than it proves. Hence the number of men accompanying such expeditions is always ridiculously small in proportion to the work to be done. This results in the man of science being obliged to lift sledges over ice hummocks, push and haul them to the top of a pressure ridge, only to see the dogs and sledges jump forward on the other side and go tumbling down to smash. The load must then be unlashd, sledges mended and reloaded, and the man of science must work in a temperature forty-five degrees below zero to accomplish this. With freezing fingers and cracked and bleeding hands he repairs the damage, disentangles the dog harnesses and makes another start, only to find that a "lane" has opened in the ice meantime. Then he must either take a long, circuitous route to reach the end of the opening or else struggle for hours, perhaps, pushing huge ice cakes into the gap, and utilizing them for a bridge or ferry. Perhaps just as one team gets safely over, the breach widens, and their companions are unable to cross. Blinding snow hides them from sight and after hours of discouragement, cold and suffering this lane closes again, and another opens. Completely tired out, they pitch a camp, carefully mete out the food to men and dogs, crawl into a sleeping bag and make the best of it. They dream of hummocks and lanes as they go onward, and lanes and hummocks as they retreat. Finally, at camping time each night, or at the end of the working day—for these jour-

neys are made in the polar day time — the man of science must kill and carve an exhausted dog to feed the famishing ones. His humane spirit revolts at the task. He himself has reached the limit of human endurance, his companions are almost exhausted, their dumb friends have

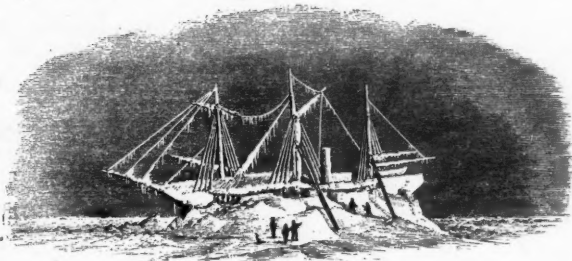
to be cruelly urged at every step, and all this to gain from three to seven miles a day over an ice pack moving southward at about the same rate. What ills lie beyond they do not know; behind them is the dear, dear old world; but will human strength survive the struggle of return? Is it any wonder the stoutest hearts lose courage, or the strongest men accept defeat? All honor to those who retreat in time. They have done all that human beings could do, and more than was wise. These retreats are not from cowardice but result from a self acknowledgment that the undertaking is absolutely beyond the possibility of accomplishment.

Evidences of a Polar Continent

Again, before giving the details of our plan, we must make a brief statement in

THE TEGETHOFF IN THE FULL MOON

From "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle," by Julius Payer. Copyrighted, 1870, by the Macmillan Company.

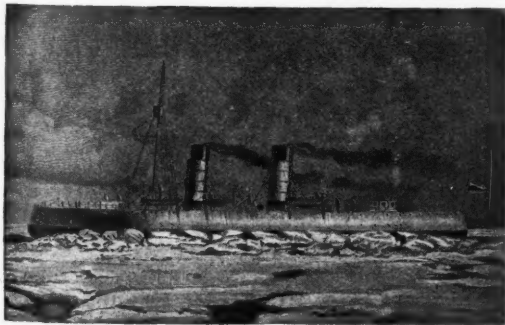


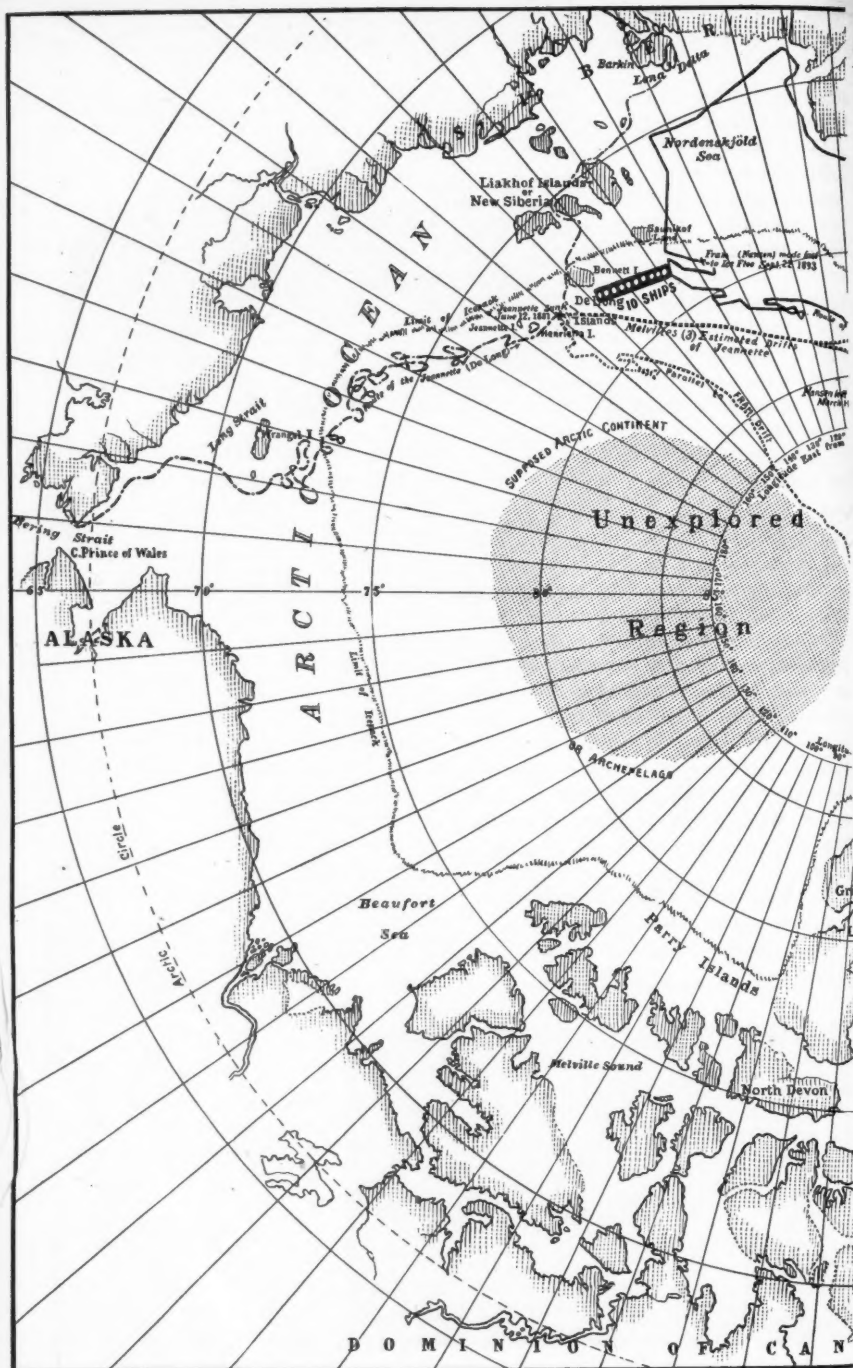
substantiation of our belief that there is a large body of land on a line drawn from the Pole to Behring Strait, for this supposition bears close relation to what will follow. If there were no land in the great western portion of the polar sea, it would naturally follow that such a great body of ice would move to somewhere, and since there is room for it to drift to the Arctic Ocean between Cape Cheleyuskin and Franz Joseph Land, which it does not, we must accept the conclusion that by far the greater area of the western polar basin is the home of a continent; for it has been proven by the drift of the Jeannette that the outer body of this ice moves in a northwesterly direction from Wrangel Land to a point far north of the New Siberian Islands, from which, as again proven by the drift of the Fram, it then makes its way in a more direct line for the Pole.

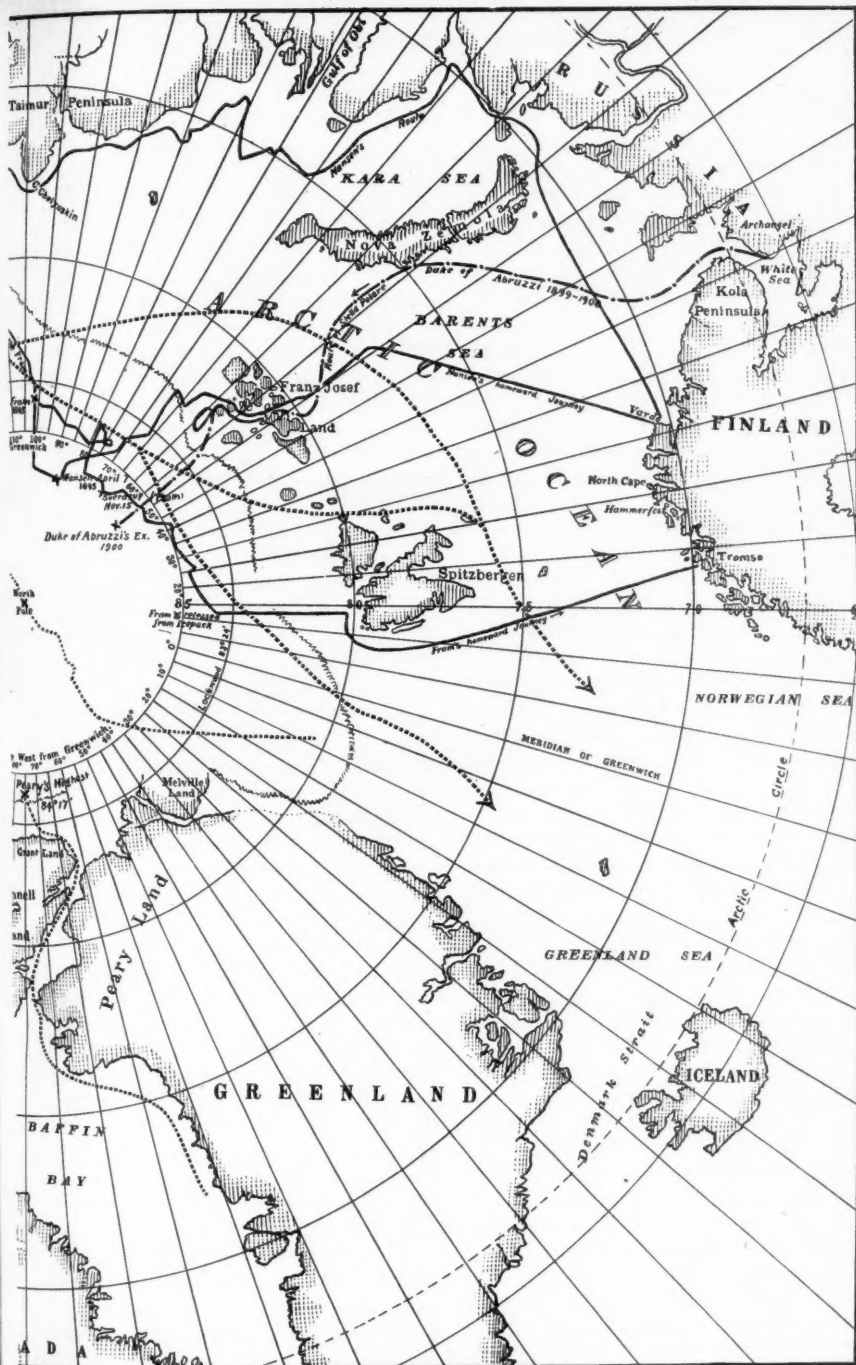
Thus, there can be only two reasons why this supposed great volume of ice remains where it is. One is that it is attached to land, and held there constantly by the current running northward through Behring Strait, and the other that the water is shallow on the western portion of the polar basin, which was observed by the

THE ICE-BREAKER ERMAK IN OPERATION

From the Scientific American







soundings taken from the Jeannette, and that this field of ice is frozen to the bottom of the basin. This, however, is extremely improbable, as in such an event its constant growth would constitute a solid area extending to the shores of northeastern Siberia and northwestern America. Hence we feel bound to the former theory.

If you will carefully observe the map referred to, in the *Century Dictionary*, and note the drift of the ice as proven by the drift of the Jeannette and the Fram, we believe it will be self-apparent that the western polar basin contains a large volume of land, approaching close, if not quite to the Pole. It will also appear highly improbable that this land extends to the eastern polar basin, where the water is of great depth.

As the Duke of Abruzzi's expedition approached within two hundred and seven miles of the Pole, and still found the ice in motion, we are certain that no land would have been found had they penetrated another one hundred miles further north. Added to this argument, again, is the fact that in a direct line north from Melville and Grinnell Lands the ice is constantly drifting southward, proving it to be a portion of the general moving pack with no intervening land. This ice field has for centuries brought driftwood from the Lena Delta region to the east and west coasts of Greenland; it brought the Jeannette relics from a point much further east, on the same coast, and last of all the Fram, which was only prevented from reaching within striking distance of the Pole by having become fixed in the ice some two hundred and fifty or three hundred miles further east than Nansen had intended. There are many other reasons which appeal to us in proof of this theory, but we feel that we have produced enough affirmative evidence to rest our case with the reader.

Now consult the map again, with a

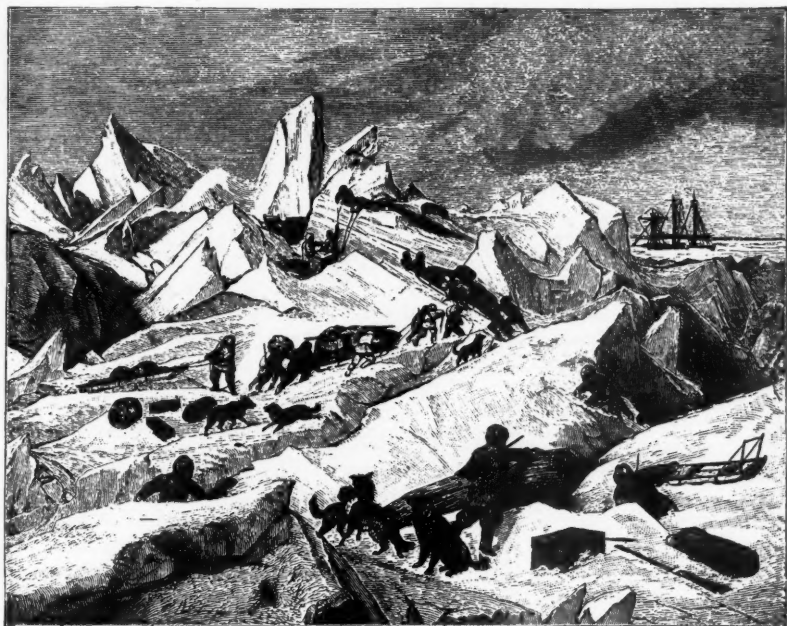
pair of dividers; place one point where the Fram was beset and the other where the Jeannette sank. Roughly follow the drift of the Fram with one point, and with a pencil attached to the other, draw the lines paralleled. Had the Jeannette kept afloat and followed a track parallel to the Fram (300 miles further east) she would have passed directly over the Pole; and as there is no reason to the contrary, we believe she would approximately have followed this line. We believe she had just reached a point in longitude where the influence of the Lena was strongly apparent. And this latter is borne out by occurrences after the sinking of the Jeannette on June 12. Five days later the crew began their southward journey from latitude 77:18. Fresh for the start and pushing south with all speed, on June 25 (eight days later) De Long found they were in latitude 77:46, or twenty-eight miles further north than when they started. This drift is plainly indicated on the map and it was probably due to favoring winds and their working somewhat into the eddy north of Bennett Island, which enabled that heroic party afterward to make respectable headway southward. From this comparison we conclude that had the Jeannette survived she would practically have paralleled the drift of the Fram. At all events she would certainly have passed nearer the Pole than did the Fram, for it is inconceivable that the Fram was locked in the ice at the exact eastern limit for obtaining the highest latitude possible in her long drift. Hence it must follow that from some point the drift is exactly to the Pole, or as near to it as the land, or the ice attached to it, will admit; and this starting point can only be accurately determined after the drift has been made.

A Plan That Promises Results

It is a long, tedious and expensive experiment to learn this by sending out one little Fram at a time, and perhaps

ICE PRESSURE IN THE POLAR NIGHT

From "New Lands Within the Arctic Circle," by Julius Payer. Copyrighted, 1870, by the Macmillan Co.



no two times would the drift be exactly the same, although starting from the same point, for the movement of the ice is always affected by the wind continuing for any length of time from one quarter.

Therefore, we say that any independent expedition which sets out for the Pole has almost no chance whatever of reaching there. It is only by concerted, harmonious action between ten or a dozen vessels, especially constructed for the purpose, that the swift and certain discovery of the Pole is possible.

Naturally, the first requirement for the organization of such an expedition is to secure the necessary capital to build and equip these vessels. But this should not be difficult in this age of colossal fortunes, mostly in the hands of willing patrons of science and research. From time to time during the past two cen-

turies (when immense fortunes were in the hands of only a few) individuals have come forward and volunteered the funds for the equipment and maintenance of such expeditions, and that in a time when the most enthusiastic hardly dared regard the discovery of the Pole as more than a remote possibility. Now that reaching the North terminal of the terrestrial axis is a foregone conclusion, we believe the financial responsibility will meet with cheerful and abundant response. We even feel inclined to offer the opinion that ten gentlemen will readily come forward with an offer each to bear one-tenth of the entire expense, in consideration of each having the privilege of christening one of the ships with his own name; and we further venture that universal interest would center in so novel and exciting a race, if so

indeed it might be termed. The expense to each would not exceed \$150,000 to \$175,000. In fact, the Fram expedition cost but \$120,000, which included the wages of the men and the insurance premium on their lives. But along with this twentieth century expedition, more elaborate equipment would be brought into play, although every vessel would be an exact duplicate of all the others in construction, power and finishings. None must enjoy any advantage over the others, and each patron should not only have the privilege of naming one ship, but its commander also, and would be entitled to place a representative on board to keep a record of the voyage for the owner's private information, and possibly for his library shelves.

No better general lines of preparation could be suggested than those followed by James Gordon Bennett in fitting out the *Jeannette*. The whole matter of construction, equipment and personnel should be placed in the hand of a naval commission, of which the secretary of the navy should be the chairman. Every feature of the expedition would necessarily be submitted to this body for approval. Upon the commander of each vessel should be conferred special power for the government and discipline of his ship; the same as those given De Long by the then secretary of the navy. A commodore should accompany the fleet, invested with power to shift his flag at will from one vessel to the other. There are quite a number of experienced men who would, we think, cheerfully offer to be drawn upon for valuable suggestions and advice respecting the equipment of the various departments into which such expeditions must be divided. Melville, Nansen, Lord Kelvin and many others could be mentioned among their number.

Towing the Racers to the Starting Point

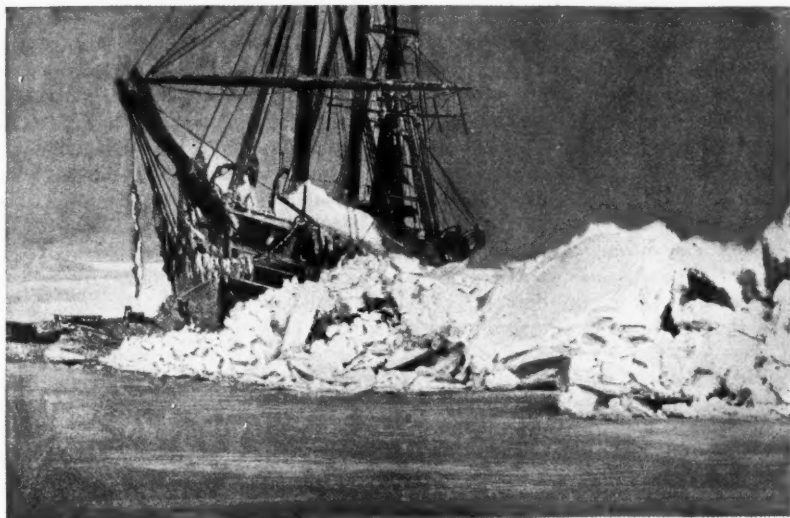
Now that we have theoretically disposed of the finance, equipment and

personnel, we are ready for the start. While all the foregoing has been in progress another important function pertaining to the expedition must have been accomplished. Whether the expedition sets out via Behring Strait or the Kara Sea, or both, two or more powerful ice breaking steamers will be required and coal depots must be established at a practicable point on either route to insure the unflinching accomplishment of the part these must play in the ultimate success of the undertaking. The coal vessels should be sent well north before the main expedition starts, but not so far as to become ice bound or inaccessible to the ice breakers. There they would await the "coming of the fleet." Small war vessels, gunboats or training ships could easily be made available for towing the Fram of our expedition so far north as consistent with safety. Here the expedition vessels would require assistance, because it is not practicable to employ great power in vessels of this class; for power means coal or oil, and the space for this is limited. Of course the power must be a nominal feature.

Both the Russian and Canadian governments own herculean ice breaking steamers. The Russian ship is the more powerful, being used to keep open the harbor of Vladivostock, while the Canadian carries the winter mails in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, often steaming through four feet of solid ice. But it is not our expectation that these ships will undertake solid ice navigation in either the sea of Kara or Nordenskjöld. Their function is to tow our fleet, assisted by their own power, and place them thirty miles apart as far north as steam power can penetrate, between the longitude of 140 and 155 east. The approximate position of these vessels would be along a line drawn from Cape Chelyuskin on the Taimur peninsula to Cape Prince of Wales in Alaska, and the 300 miles stretch they would occupy would be bounded on

THE FRAM AFTER AN ICE PRESSURE, JANUARY 10, 1895

From a photograph reproduced in "Farthest North," by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen. Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Bros.



the west by a line drawn from Saunikof Land to the Pole and on the east by another drawn to the same point from Bennett Land. To be more exact, these lines to the Pole should be drawn from the eastern portion of both the lands mentioned. It is almost certain that the vessels farthest west on the main line would attain higher latitude before becoming thoroughly ice locked than these at the eastern outset, on account of being nearer the more open western edge of the polar ice pack.

Now that our ten little explorers are all fast in the ice for the next three or four years, the ice-breakers, having accomplished their mission, turn their prows homeward, and if necessary tow the nearly empty colliers to clear open water, from which they can make their own way home.

All in Communication by Wireless

Wireless adieus, good wishes and messages to friends at home are signaled day

after day from each of the ice bound ships to the retreating steamers, for each vessel is fully equipped with apparatus of at least 200 miles range. One by one the tapping of the instruments becomes faint, until the last message is received on the homeward bound crafts.

When will the next one be received?

Perhaps a year hence, when the Russ may go north again, and far east of Wilczek Land pick up communication with the nearest ship, and from it learn the exact position of all the others. At all events, in two years from the beginning of the drift our newly erected wireless station on Peterman Land would be in daily communication with the fleet, and transmit the news to a wireless vessel, which would spend the summer of that year on the south coast of Franz Joseph Land, and from thence convey the record of progress and messages to the nearest point of the real world.

But to return to our ships. Day after day the drift goes on. Some are gaining

on their northward journey. Some drift south again. Some a little east, others west. Every six hours the "all's well" message is flashed back and forth between all the vessels. Whenever an observation is taken, determining the position of any ship, it signals that position to the next and the word is passed on to the next, until every log book in the fleet bears the same record. Each vessel carries ten special charts and log books, one of each bearing the name of some other vessel of the expedition. The officers of the entire fleet make the entries in the log book, and plot the position on the chart of the Andrew Carnegie as soon as her message is flashed across the polar ice fields.

What more simple or interesting? We could elaborate the various details, but this is unnecessary. Enough to compare this condition with that of Nansen in the Fram. A lone ship on a more lonely ice sea. All communication with humanity cut off from beyond the rails of his own craft. She was the first of her kind ever built, on almost the first voyage of the kind ever attempted, and the others had all ended in absolute disaster. The drift of the Fram was utter solitude. Ours is full of life and excitement. Everybody with us is *sure* the vessels nearest Nansen's track will go through in safety to the Atlantic, so that a certain means of return is always available. Nansen didn't know this. He only thought it might be true. In our fleet there is some news every day. The James Gordon Bennett is drifting steadily north, the John D. Rockefeller has gone back twelve miles, the J. Pierpont Morgan has just been released from a dangerous ice pressure, while the Cornelius Vanderbilt has been floating in a great open lane of clear water for the past two days.

What an interesting opportunity for bringing home *facts*! Not an individual record, but ten comparative ones. Scien-

tific officers and men are in daily rivalry to give something new to the world on their return; and the world will know whether it is true or not, because nine other expeditions were near at hand, and the records of each prove the others.

There is no chance for dullness to creep in. There is constant activity and interest. Today the commodore struck his flag on the W. R. Hearst and, after a sledge journey of sixty miles, "set" his colors on board the Senator Clark. No fear of anybody losing his courage amid such surroundings. Ice pressures which jam and lift and careen the ship until her timbers creak, and shivers its frame like an aspen, promising immediate collapse and destruction, cannot demoralize our crews or take the flush of health from their cheeks. Not more than thirty or forty miles away there is another vessel. In fact, we have just received their signal "all's well"; we have told them that we are in the throes of a heavy pressure. If worst comes to worst our signal mast will go by the board, and then our silence will tell the rest. If this happens, all hands are ready to set off, one-half toward the nearest ship on one side, the other half to the nearest one on the other side, while from each of these vessels a party would set out to meet their less fortunate comrades; or in such detail that the total destruction of one ship would only be the means of eventually distributing its crew among the other nine, adding about three men to the crew of each. Under such an organization only can the best results be obtained, and the ends of polar research be accomplished.

If any one ship becomes separated by over 100 miles from its nearest companion, (unless in so doing it has gone that distance northward of any other) it will be a signal to abandon. Relief parties will be sent out from the nearest ships to meet comrades who must not be left further behind. They will select the

best road over the ice, flagging it as they go, so that when the meeting occurs, the return of all will be swift and sure. Every emergency is amply provided for; all are working in harmony; all risk to human life in the polar regions is thus reduced to a minimum, and instead of doubt, every officer and man is certain of success in discovering the very Pole, and a safe return to the world afterward.

The Last Stage Over the Ice

Should it happen the land near the Pole prevented any ship from reaching nearer it than, say, 100 miles—for this is the only barrier to some one or more of the ships drifting direct to the Pole—that ship farthestmost north would have reached a locality in which no open lanes occur.

Once this point is reached, comparatively smooth ice will be found, for where no lanes exist there can be no ice pressure to turn up the edges of the ice into ridges and hummocks, which, excepting the lanes, have always been the greatest obstruction to sledging on the face of the polar ocean. The proximity of land would now be proven, over which an expedition could move with ease and rapidity.

From this point, an exploring party would be made up by drawing upon the crews of as many of the ships as were within fifty or one hundred miles of this northernmost ship, which would represent the base of supplies for the final effort. Here all the strength, energy and necessary equipment would be concentrated. From here (probably within fifty to one hundred miles of the Pole) the grand strike would be made.

Everybody is now possessed to the full with courage. No need to spare men or dogs; both are equal to the remaining task. Contrast the spirit at the setting out of this party, with that of any other which ever made a similar attempt. For our expedition, the work is already

accomplished. It is true the ships will drift further and further away during their absence, but not fast enough to admit of any serious consequences. The fifty to one hundred miles over ice, without lanes or ridges, draws the Pole exceeding near.

Two or three sledge loads of insulated wire is among the equipment. As the sledges move forward this wire is payed out, as from a cable ship, over the face of the ice. As mile after mile of this is stretched, the advance party is kept in constant communication with the nearest ship, and from thence by wireless telegraphy, their buoyant spirit, born of happiness and success, is transmitted to their less fortunate comrades throughout the fleet. And it is not an improbability that at the moment when our explorers reach the Pole itself, their almost hourly report may be transmitted over telephone and thence by telegram, from one ship to the other, to our "receiving" ship on the south coast of Franz Joseph Land, and thence to the world—for all great nations would send vessels north about this time to take up stated positions, so that a direct line of wireless communication from the Pole to the civilized world would be established.

Picture, if you can, the scenes in the hundreds of "newspaper rows" of all the great cities of the world, when the first flaring bulletin is posted:

"At 3 a. m. today (October 21, 1908) Commodore Neworld and his party reached the North Pole. Very important despatches are now being received over the wireless relay systems which for some days have been in constant communication with all vessels comprising the fleet under command of the great American explorer."

The hurrahs are deafening. The crowds turn away with a sigh of relief—and regret. In the eyes of some are tears. The world has been conquered, and many, possessed of the spirit of Alexander, weep because it is so.

A SNAPSHOT VIEW IN THE RETAIL BUSINESS SECTION OF INDIANAPOLIS



Indianapolis

By GEORGE EDWIN HUNT,

Secretary of the Commercial Club

With Engravings from Photographs by Bass & Woodworth

INDIANAPOLIS is the largest inland city in the United States. Not a pound of freight is shipped into or out of the city in the course of the year by water.

The site for the present city was laid off in the spring of 1821, the Government having donated four sections of land for the purpose of founding a capital for the new State. At that time there were some ten or twelve families

living in the immediate vicinity. The growth of the infant metropolis was constant and gratifying. The first school and the first church antedated the first theatrical performance just two years, the former being established in 1821 and the latter being given in 1823. The first factory, a steam saw, grist and woolen mill, opened in 1831; the first state bank began business in 1834; the first State House was completed in 1836; and the

first panic was experienced in 1837.

The city underwent the usual vicissitudes, had the usual hopes and suffered

the usual disappointments common to struggling municipalities in the middle West during the first half of the last century. It was buried in mud or covered with dust for years. It struggled with corruption in the city administration, rode in occasional street cars moved by the ever patient mule and beheld the itinerant lamp-lighter speed from corner to corner with his ladder on his

shoulder. But through all it held the hope of better things and emerged from every trial with a firmer grasp on that which is good, until today it occupies a position among municipalities of which its citizens are proud.

In the first paragraph it was stated that Indianapolis is the greatest inland city in the United States. It naturally follows that it is a great railroad center. More than this, it is a beautiful residence city, full of prosperity and progress. It is the commercial, industrial, social, religious, educational, political and governmental center of one of the greatest of the United States. It is a good city in which to live. Benjamin Harrison typified the spirit of Indianapolis in a speech made at the Commercial Club in 1897, the text for which was the reply of Paul of Tarsus to the inquiry of the captain of the Roman guard, "From whence come you?" And Paul replied, "From no mean city." Every resident of

Indianapolis feels that he is "a citizen of no mean city."

Thirty-three years ago, Indianapolis

THE PATH BESIDE THE STREAM



had a population of 48,244. In ten years that had increased to 75,056, and in ten more to 105,436. In 1900 the United States census gave the population, including Irvington, a suburb since annexed, at 170,963. At the same rate of increase for the past three years, and the city directory increase fully justifies such a claim, the population of the city is now practically 200,000. In 1900 Indianapolis was the twenty-first city in point of size in the United States. Today it has certainly passed Providence, Rhode Island, the twentieth city, and is rapidly overtaking Minneapolis, Minnesota, the nineteenth city. The percentage of increase in population between 1890 and 1900 was sixty and four-tenths, or more than any of the twenty cities preceding it in the list, Chicago, the second city in size, coming next with a per cent increase of fifty-four and four-tenths. In making this statement Greater New York, with its one hundred and twenty-six and

eight-tenths per cent of increase is not considered, as that was due to annexation. Annexation also figured largely in Chicago's increase in population, but this is not true of Indianapolis, where the increase by annexation has been insignificant. Here the growth has been a legitimate increase due to natural causes and an influx of population; an increase that will be retained, as it was not the result of a boom or due to causes the product of speculation or excitement.

There are over 40,000 buildings in Indianapolis. During the year 1900, there were 2,288 building permits issued for a value of \$2,266,215.75. In the following year, 1901, the number of permits was 2,501 with a valuation of \$3,744,969.

Indianapolis has very few very wealthy residents and it has less very poor residents than most cities of its size. The aggregate of wealth is reasonably large in proportion to the population, but it is more equitably distributed than in other cities in its class. The proportion of people owning their own homes is large. This is an excellent thing in a city. A man with property interests is more

restive under municipal mismanagement, less tolerant of law-breaking, and has a generally clearer view on labor questions than one without such interest. He has a stake in the community.

The bonded indebtedness of the community amounts to \$2,455,000, bearing a low rate of interest. Compare this with other cities and it will be found that the per capita debt is less than in any city of considerable size in the United States. The total taxation is, at present, 2.08, divided as follows: State, 29 $\frac{2}{3}$ cents; county, 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents; township, 2 cents; city, 83 cents; schools, 51 cents. Of the city levy, 2 cents is for a sinking fund to reduce the bonded indebtedness, and 2 cents goes to the firemen and police pension funds. The assessed valuation in the city amounts to \$133,000,000.

There are about 400 miles of streets in the city; streets that present a restful expanse to the view, giving the mental impression from their width of "room to breathe." One hundred miles of these are paved with asphaltum, brick or cedar blocks and the remainder are graveled. Those streets in the business portion of the city are lined with a class of buildings modern in design and construction and well adapted to their purposes. The residence streets present a wide sweep of well kept, sprinkled and swept driveways, arched by the beautiful foliage of stately shade trees which cast a grateful shadow on the cement sidewalks on either side. Lockerbie street, the inspiration of James Whitcomb Riley's poem, is but one of scores of streets that as much deserve such honor:

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool, shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with
the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting place fairer than Lockerbie street.

There is such a relief, from the clamor and din
Of the heart of the town, to go loitering in

THE INDIANAPOLIS CITY HALL



Through the dim, narrow walks, with the sheltering
shade
Of the trees waving over the long promenade,
And littering lightly the ways of our feet,
With the gold of the sunshine
of Lockerbie street.

And the nights that came down
the dark pathways of dusk
With the stars in their tresses,
and odors of musk
In their moon-woven raiments,
bespangled with dews,
And looped up with lilies for
lovers to use
In the songs that they sing to
the tinkle and beat
Of their sweet serenading
through Lockerbie street.

O, my Lockerbie street! You
are fair to be seen—
Be it noon of the day, or the
rare and serene
Afternoon of the night—you
are one to my heart,
And I love you above all the
phrases of art,
For no language could frame,
and no lips could repeat
My rhyme-haunted raptures
of Lockerbie street."

As all roads formerly led to Rome, so all Indianapolis streets seem to lead to and from the Monument. No one who has seen this shaft will ever ask, "What monument?" It is, par excellence, "the" monument of the western hemisphere and one of the great monuments of the world. It is the first monument erected to the private soldiers and sailors, the men behind the guns. The Indiana State Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument stands in a circular park of about three acres in the center of the city. Indianapolis as naturally reckon distances from the monument as the rural small boy reckons time from the coming of the circus. From every direction of the level plain on which the city is built, the crowning statue of "Indiana" may be seen. The monument is 284½ feet in height but the admirable symmetry of its proportions is apt to deceive the eye unaccustomed to measuring heights. It cost over \$500,000 and was more than ten years in building. An elevator and stairway on the inside of the shaft furnish

means for reaching the top, from whence an excellent view of the city may be had. There are over one hundred miles of

THE INDIANA STATE HOUSE



sewers under the city. About fifty miles of these have been constructed during the past six years at a cost of more than \$4,000,000. The sewer system was planned by one of the world's experts and is designed to be sufficient, with necessary extensions, for a city of half a million inhabitants. The streets are lighted with electricity. The water supply is obtained from deep wells and is pumped to the consumer. Certain work that is now under way will give the plant a capacity sufficient to furnish ample water for a city treble the present size of Indianapolis. The city water is regularly tested by the Board of Health, and their report on it is a matter of public record. It is good.

The park system is good, and is capable of further extension. Boulevards along Fall Creek in the northern and Pleasant Run in the southern portions of the city, are now contemplated.

The street railway system is as good as anywhere in the United States and far better than in most cities. All lines

are operated by one company. Tickets are sold at the rate of six for twenty-five cents or twenty-five for a dollar. A single cash fare is five cents. Transfers are given from any line to any other line. No finer, better, or more comfortable cars are furnished anywhere.

So many interurban lines are built, or are being built, or are about to be built into Indianapolis that the wonder well may be, what will we do with them? But when we see the business they do, the passengers they carry and the express freight they haul, the wonder is, what would we do without them? This city is destined to be a great interurban railway center. The owners of lines now built and being built have formed an Interurban Terminal Company and will erect in the business district a commodious business block with large waiting rooms on the ground floor. The roads now built or in process of construction will directly connect the city with every city in the state within a radius of fifty miles and it will soon be possible to reach remoter points, as Chicago, Cincinnati, Fort Wayne, Columbus, Ohio, and intermediate cities and towns entirely by electric railway. These lines are great commercial feeders to the city and at times of great public interest bring in thousands of visitors. Their franchises provide that fares shall not exceed one and four-tenths cents per mile.

The city's first railroad was a line from Madison, Indiana, completed in 1847. This line is now a portion of the Pennsylvania system. Previous to this all communication with the outside world was by wagon, stage, horseback and flatboat, the latter operated on the west fork of White river. Some years previous to the completion of the railroad, during what may be termed the "canal building era," a canal was built from Toledo to Evansville, four hundred and seventy-six miles. Other canals were projected,

but the rapid construction of railroads prevented their building and rendered useless some of those already completed.

From the time the first road was constructed the city has been a scene of considerable activity in railroad circles. There are now sixteen separate lines radiating from the city to every point of the compass and another in course of construction. These sixteen lines all discharge and receive passengers at a union station. One hundred and ninety trains enter and depart from this station every twenty-four hours. No city affords better facilities for the rapid distribution of mail, express and freight matter in all directions. Let us consider that proposition for a moment.

Indianapolis is the geographical center of Illinois, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan and Kentucky. The combined population of these five states in 1900 was 17,063,713 or 22.3 per cent of the total population of the United States. Every city in these five states may be reached by rail in twelve hours. Indeed, twelve hours on the road will suffice to carry much mail and express matter far beyond the confines of the states mentioned, but for our purposes we will say that between one-fourth and one-fifth of the entire population of the United States will receive a letter in the morning that has been mailed at Indianapolis the previous evening. The advantage in this to a business man is apparent.

Every railroad entering Indianapolis is connected with every other road by means of the Belt railroad. The Belt has fourteen miles of double track passing around three-fourths of the city. On it are situated many of the larger manufacturing plants and the stock yards. All through freight passes around the city on the Belt. A greater part of the local freight is transferred from one road to another by means of the Belt. Over one million cars annually are hauled by this road. It was the first switching road

to be built in the United States and transfers freight to and from factory switches and all roads, regardless of distance, at a uniform charge of one dollar per car, the lowest switching charge in the country.

From 1890 to 1900 the plants and products of the manufacturers in the city more than doubled, and in 1901 the city had 1,910 manufacturing plants, employing 25,511 persons, drawing \$10,882,914 in salaries and producing an annual output of the value of \$68,607,579. Many of these had their inception in the city in a most modest way. The largest carriage factory in the world is located here. The largest plant for the exclusive manufacture of engines and boilers, the largest saw works and the largest factory for turning out saw mill and mill machinery are also here. In furniture, garments, veneers and pharmaceutical preparations the city takes a high rank.

Indianapolis is particularly favored in having strong banking institutions. There are six banks, all national, with resources of more than \$34,000,000. A seventh bank will be opened about January 1, 1903. In addition to these there are six trust companies with capital and resources in excess of \$14,000,000. There are also several private banking institutions. No city in the country has banks of higher standing than those of Indianapolis. The Clearing House Association showed bank clearings in 1901 of \$412,916,678.91. Every month in 1902 showed a substantial increase over the same month in 1901.

The jobbing trade of Indianapolis is in good condition. The city's advantages as a distributing point have contributed largely to build up many strong wholesale houses. The home demand is a large and active one and the city is the supply point for the greater portion of the state, also. In addition to this the enterprise of the jobbers has led them to go far beyond the confines of the

THE INDIANA SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT



state on all main lines. Many Indianapolis houses are well and favorably known through Illinois, Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee. The jobbing trade is markedly strong in the grocery, millinery and dry goods lines. The jobbers have two weeks of cheap rate excursions each spring and fall which bring hundreds of buyers from the territory tributary to them. In many specialties the business of the city extends to all parts of the country. Indianapolis is a port of entry and such houses as deal in goods of foreign manufacture are to a great extent direct importers.

The retail establishments of the city indicate that the people possess culture and have artistic tastes. The tone of the

showing district is high and the retail merchants are progressive. They have an organization known as the Merchants' Association, an active body that has done much to extend the retail trade of the city.

Indianapolis has of late years gained the distinction of being a convention town of wide renown. Its central location, railroad facilities, and excellent hotel accommodations, combined with the progressive and hospitable character of the people, have made it the meeting point of many commercial, educational, professional, scientific, religious, trade and political organizations. A movement is now on foot to build a large coliseum in which even national political conventions may be held. The excellent hotels here have contributed not a little to the city's reputation as a good point for conventions. The old Bates

House had an international reputation as one of the best hostelries to be found. The old building has been torn down and a new structure costing \$1,250,000 has been erected on the site. This hotel, the Claypool, is one of the finest west of New York City. The Denison is another hotel well and favorably known to the traveling public. These two, with the English and Grand, make up a quartet of first class hotels that are seldom equalled in a city of this size. And in addition to these there are a number of cheaper priced houses that are equally excellent in their class.

Commercial, manufacturing and civic enterprise in the city is represented by the Commercial Club, the Board of Trade, the Merchants' Association, the Manufacturers' Club and several smaller associations devoted to special businesses. The Commercial Club with its

THE BASE OF THE INDIANA SOLDIERS AND SAILORS MONUMENT



membership of one thousand, occupies its own building, an eight-story, fire-proof structure. The club is essentially a popular one. The membership fee is low and the annual dues are small. The name does not fully indicate the scope of the club's work. It was founded with the purpose in view of making the city a better place in which to live. The club prides itself on being an organization where any one's thought for the betterment of the city may find co-operation and assistance. Some of the many things accomplished are the securing of the present city charter, the inauguration of a system of street improvements, sewer system and park system.

The Board of Trade is organized to promote the commercial, financial and industrial interests of the city, in particular. The membership is limited to five hundred and insurance on the mutual plan goes with each membership. The board owns its property and is the headquarters for the grain trade of this locality. The Manufacturers' Club meets at a monthly dinner to discuss matters of interest to its membership. All of the

leading manufacturers in the city are members of it.

Social club life in the city is well represented and there are numerous club houses devoted to special lines of thought and life. Altogether, there are nearly two hundred and fifty clubs and organizations representing social, political, literary, musical, dramatic and athletic phases of club life. Among them there may be mentioned the Columbia Club, Das Deutsche Haus, the Marion Club, the Indiana Club, the Propylaeum, the University Club, the Art Association, the Country Club, the Canoe Club, the Americus Club and the Aquatic Club.

Indianapolis is a clean, progressive city, and is advancing more rapidly in size, in its importance as a manufacturing center and in its advantages as a distributing point, than any city in the central West. Its people are cultured and refined, make good citizens and good neighbors. It is a desirable place to live and one can die here, when necessity arises, as comfortably as anywhere, the only distressing feature being regret at leaving beautiful Indianapolis.



WINTER

The north, unfriendliest wind of all that blow,
Sweeps the wide plain with keen and ruthless blast
Like tiny footfalls hurrying o'er the snow,
The ghosts of summer's leaves go whirling past.

There is no sound of Nature, many-voiced;
The snow claims all the landscape for his own;
The singing birds that all the year rejoiced,
Are hushed, and lo! the Winter reigns alone.

As far as eye can reach, the land is white,
And gray sky bends to shrouded earth below;
The only note of color, glad and bright,
Where bitter-sweet shines out against the snow.

Mary V. Hobart.



DOUCETTE

IN TWO CHAPTERS



By LYLIE O. HARRIS

CHAPTER II.

AFTER Henri's departure Doucette was in a state of wonderful excitement. She made no allusions on Henri's visit but fluttered about her mother, talking disjointedly and vaguely, full of naive interjections, gay, *insouciant*,—yet about her a restless air of expectation.

"*Ah! ma belle et bonne*, I feel so *gai*, so *joyeuse*. Me, I am sure some great something will soon arrive to make me happy—and then *cherie*, *Mamoute mienne*, thou too wilt be happy. *Of course! Cela va sans dire.*"

But even as her child caressed and petted her the old hard look came back in Estelle's face, all the horror of their fate again possessed her, and she felt she could endure the hideous secret no longer. Too long had she lain in the pit of hell. She feared she was going mad. Pushing Doucette away from her she made some faltering excuses to the wondering girl and hastened to Pere Ignace.

That good old man must have suffered, she said to herself, as she hurried on, else how had he got that sympathetic voice, the tender glance, the patience and kindness which made him so beloved?

Pere Ignace had a winning manner and was no less a favorite with the rich than the poor—yet, in a city celebrated for good living and gayties manifold, he

lived as abstemiously as an eremite.

His fasts were rigorous, his penances severe, his alms-giving equal to that of Jean Valjean. How few comprehended the *role* of the good *cure*! What tales and confessions and cries for help were poured into his ears by the strange, mongrel population to whom he ministered! No one could tell into what abysses of moral degradation he often looked—through what *fumiers* his path led.

Never a whisper of her somber secret had Estelle allowed to pass her lips, even in the confessional—but the benignant divination of the priest had convinced him that she suffered poignant anguish.

So when his old servant told him that Madame de Dressac awaited him in the little parlor, he was not surprised. He had long felt that she would some day need him. He greeted her with grave sympathetic tenderness.

"I fear you have trouble, my daughter."

"Great trouble; I am here to ask your help and counsel, *mon pere*."

"I am here to help you, my daughter."

Oh, the blessed sympathy of his manner!

"My story is long, father. It will weary you."

"My child, speak all your heart."

As she recounted her bitter story, her figure seemed to bend under a flood of cruel memories. At last she ceased.

"Poor suffering child! And this was how long ago?"

Eighteen years, *mon pere*."

"The smoke of thy torment has indeed ascended long, my daughter. Why did you not confide in me before?"

"Oh! *mon pere*, can you not understand? I am tearing my heart out by the roots, to confess my disgrace."

"Not your disgrace, neither the disgrace of your child. Rather—but let me not upbraid the dead. And now, my daughter, you want my counsel?"

"Yes, *mon pere*."

"You wish me to advise Doucette to marry Henri?"

"I hope you can do that, father."

"My daughter, why did you leave your husband?"

"Because he deceived me."

"True—yet you would have Doucette deceive her husband?"

"Doucette is innocent—she knows nothing—absolutely. Mine be the guilt—so my daughter is happy, I am willing to suffer all the pangs of eternal torment."

"But you, my daughter; alas! my heart bleeds for you, but you know all. You feel that your husband and his father committed a hideous crime against you. Would you be guilty of the same monstrous wrong against this honorable gentleman, Henri St. Amant? Think, my daughter! Pride of race is as strong in a St. Amant as in a St. Ange. What will he think, *what will he do*, when he learns all?"

"But, *mon pere*, why should he know? Who will tell him?"

"My daughter, that is your task!"

"Father! Father!" she shrieked, springing up in horror at the specter he had invoked. "Say no more! God in Heaven, I can bear no more!"

"My poor daughter, my unhappy child! God will comfort thee."

"My baby, my child, Doucette—*pauvre petite miserable!*"

"She will be comforted. She is

young. Perhaps it might be wiser to tell her all."

The unhappy woman spoke no word. Her hand sought her heart, she felt a spasm there. She was withering in a burning desert. She turned her agonized, quivering face to the priest.

"Self sacrifice—abnegation—by these you mount to heaven, my daughter."

"Bless me, father, and pity me," she murmured.

Pere Ignace, in silent benediction, laid his hands upon the kneeling woman's head. She pressed to her lips the crucifix of his rosary, and in another moment was gone.

* * * *

M. St. Amant met Madame de Dressac at the appointed hour. His happy face showed no doubt of her answer. He was not even impressed by the sadness, the solemnity of Madame de Dressac's manner.

He greeted her with a charming courtesy, a happy blending of deference and affection.

"You will make me happy, *ma mere?*"

A mist seemed to spread itself before Estelle's eyes—a dumb terror dominated her heart, out of which the blood seemed to have died. She moved her lips—no words issued therefrom. Then, recovering herself by a stong effort, she said:

"Monsieur, before I answer the proposal with which you have honored us, I have something to tell you."

St. Amant bowed in pleased expectation.

"You know that my husband—I am—a *divorcee?*"

He bowed with sympathetic deference.

"You have never heard *why* I am divorced?"

"Never, but of course Madame was in the right."

"I thank you monsieur. I was a grievously wronged woman. You must hear my story monsieur—then if you still wish to marry Doucette—"

His radiant smile betokened no skepticism upon that point.

"Nothing, Madame — nothing can change my love—my desires."

In a low, monotonous voice she began.

"Several years ago there came to New Orleans the cadet of one of the most illustrious families of France. He was rich, wished to see the world, and came here well introduced. Charming in person, persuasive in manner, he captivated men and women. My father was not content that he should be merely a casual visitor at his house, but entreated him to make himself *en famille*. Thus he became intimately associated with my parents. All succumbed to his fascinations. My mother's maid and *confidante*, Celeste, was a beautiful octoroon, whom she loved devotedly. Celeste had been reared gently. She was almost like a daughter of the house, and was shielded as jealously from the world. She was modest, pure and refined, and my parents decided that she should marry a man worthy of her—a young mulatto on the plantation who loved her devotedly. My father meant to give them their freedom.

"But soon my father's guest succumbed to the strange, subtle charm of the slave girl. Her soft, vague, sphinx-like beauty and the golden tones of her skin, appealed to his aesthetic sense. He grew madly in love with her, and she with him. He sought my father, told his story with the utmost frankness, and begged him to let him marry Celeste.

"You may imagine my father's horrified astonishment. Then he ridiculed the proposal. But when his guest insisted upon an answer, he replied hotly that what he asked was impossible. The State code made marriage between a white and a person of color an offense against the law. But Celeste's lover declared that he would marry her in France.

"My father asserted that this too was impossible.

"Why," he asked—

"Because you are the son of a man whom I esteem, and I will not *allow* you to disgrace him—also, *monsieur*, because Celeste belongs to me!"

"What sum will buy her from you?" her lover demanded.

"Not all the money in France!" my father hotly retorted.

"You refuse to let me marry this girl—you refuse to let me buy her—but if there be a God in heaven she *shall* be mine," he raved.

"My father, who loved the young Frenchman, strove to reason with him. He showed him how such a marriage would be regarded by his friends, his name would be tarnished. But to all his reasoning he only answered:

"We have none of your mad prejudices in France." The infatuated man entreated, but my father was obdurate.

"You will live to repent your cruelty to Celeste and me!" were his parting words as he left in hot anger.

"My parents saw him no more, but to their shame and grief, Celeste a few months later gave birth to a male child. Celeste, happily, died, and her baby disappeared most mysteriously and could never be traced. My father's guest had some time before returned to France and he lost sight of him for several years.

"When I was eighteen years old, another young gentleman from France arrived in New Orleans, ideally handsome and accomplished. He presented to my father a letter from his father, who was, in truth, none other than his former guest, who had so madly loved the beautiful octoroon, Guy de Dressac. Their old quarrel had long since been forgotten and occasional letters of friendship had been exchanged.

"In this letter M. de Dressac referred to the folly of his *jeunesse* and thanking my father for his wise counsel, commended his son to his kindness.

"My father took the young man to his heart. The son in his turn became a member of our house—and the inevitable happened. Soon we were fiancé, and if I was congratulated I was also envied, for the de Dressacs were illustrious and owned vast estates.

"I was a transformed creature. Love had lighted upon me suddenly like a flame; I was for the first time alive and conscious of my beating pulses, my warm and hurrying blood. I felt, I knew, that I had gained wisdom, wider and sweeter, in my new life. So I climbed up step by step until I had reached the highest peaks of ecstasy.

"No cloud darkened my joy, no bitterness was in my cup of happiness, heaven seemed to smile on me, and I married. The loving letter I received from my father-in-law the very day of my marriage, only increased my happiness. For a year my husband was God's light upon earth to me—my life, my all! and then when Doucette was born I knew I was *too happy*. No creature could be so happy and not suffer for it.

"Doucette was only a few months old when a short letter came to my father from his friend in France. It was not long. 'Remember, *mon ami*, I swore I would have my revenge. It is true that Armand, your daughter's husband, is my son, but he is also the son of your slave, Celeste. He knows all. I believe your daughter loves my son. I hope they will be happy.'

"The disgrace broke my father's heart. For the man who had so dishonored me and my child I felt the wildest hatred. His denial of any knowledge of the facts disclosed by his father proved him a liar. An awful fury arose in me, the thirst for revenge consumed me. How I longed to kill him!

"Then when I looked at the child—Ah! my God, there my shame and hers seemed written before me in letters of fire. It stared at me from every walk, it

wrote itself beneath my feet as I walked, and I read it above me in the heavens.

"Everything alive seemed to have wings to carry it to and fro in the air forever. Then came a craving for the forgetfulness of death, only forgetfulness might not come with death. I might float into an ocean of eternal remembrance. Then arose a craving for revenge which raged in me more fiercely than hunger in a beast of prey. Even as I longed for revenge, news came that the vessel in which my husband had sailed for France had been lost with every soul on board. The shock of his son's death killed M. de Dressac. But I have never lost the accursed sight of my shame. I never shall. Monsieur, will a St. Amant *now* marry my child?"

Henri groaned, rose slowly, his limbs trembled, his head swam round stupidly.

The sudden revulsion from happiness to despair benumbed his soul. He tried vainly to speak. Then the air grew black around him, red rings swam before his eyes, a cold dew started out on brow and hands. With eyes fixed upon Estelle he struggled to speak. His lips moved but no sound issued therefrom. There was a suffocating tightness in his throat—his heart leaped to and fro—then another groan burst from his lips and he plunged into the streets.

Such misery! Such madness! Such recklessness! Such despair! Still he wandered on, he neither knew nor cared in which direction. He was conscious of nothing but that the world for him was at an end. As he thought over his dream of ecstasy, the love-enraptured days that had been his, he wept for the idol he worshipped.

He stumbled into Congo Square and sank into a seat. His head ached dully, there was a chill at his heart. Out of the dimly lighted darkness came a harsh sound—the beating of the rude drum which summoned the *bamboula* dancers to the square. The curious and convul-

sive performance began, but he heeded it not. The extraordinary rhythmic chant of the negroes had gone on for some time before Henri's mind awakened to consciousness of the scene.

He started up as if a viper had stung him. Voudou worshippers like these semi-barbarians had been the ancestors of Doucette! The thought was hell! He wandered to the deserted levee. The cool, moist air of the river soothed him, but only for a few moments. He started up and strode forth again into the street. He had up to that moment been swallowed up in his own agony. But again he thought of Doucette, and a great wave of tumultuous love swept over his heart. She loved him—and he felt that every drop of blood in his heart longed for her with inexpressible desire. Why should they not be happy? After awhile a great calm enveloped him. He had been mad just now—he was sane again. Why should a few drops of African blood poison their lives? The dread her mother invoked was a chimera. Doucette was Doucette. The loveliest, the most delightful, the most entrancing woman in the world. How absurd to make her the victim to a phantom evolved from race pride!

His own ancestors—well, how could this disgrace them? Doucette and disgrace could never be linked together. After all, he was free to order his life as he pleased. His father and mother were dead; no near kindred lived who could be affected by any action of his.

Almost until dawn he paced the deserted streets. The night air was heavy with the sweet scent of tropical flowers. When he entered his doorway the contest was over. Nature had prevailed. The wild, throbbing heart drowned the promptings of reason and he said: "I shall marry Doucette."

* * * *

As the hour drew on when Henri was to have that second interview with her

mother, Doucette was seized with a passionate desire to beautify herself for the eyes of her lover. She whispered to old Zozi, who smiled in sympathy, and followed her into the bare little room whose sole ornament was its owner. "Ah, Zozi, thy *bebe* must be *belle* just for this one time. Thou dost understand, *hein?*"

"*Oui, ma belle.*" Zozi had that curious intelligence of certain old negro mam-mies who understand when others mis-understand — who fathom what seems unfathomable, and who have imbibed from the life spent alongside of their masters a feeling of clanship with the lives they have nursed and cherished, and been absorbed into. Old Zozi took her *bebe's* little hand into hers and studied all its pretty dimples and rose tinted finger tips. Then she kissed it softly—but there were tears in her eyes.

"Me I hev one bahd drim last night."

"*Tant pis pour toi, pauvre Zozi,*" and Doucette stroked her nurse's hand caressingly.

"Me I drim two bahd drims, eet mek me feel bahd!" Her *bebe* made an adorable *moue* at her.

"*Mais non,* Zozi, you have not the *betise* to believe dreams come true."

"*Mais oui, mais oui, cherie.* Bad drim they sho fo' arrive true. You see."

"Oh, *tais toi, tais toi.* Thou art one *hibou.*"

Doucette seated herself before the dressing table at one end of the room.

Then Zozi brushed the young girl's hair until it shone, giving it here a twist, there a touch, and making much of the soft, small curls that grew on the nape of the neck like the delicate fluff under a young bird's wing.

"Ah! that is well, that *coiffure*, Zozi, *mais* what will we decide about all those *toilettes*, *hein?*" And a perplexed little laugh tinkled out, while her brows puckered.

"*Quel embarras des richesses pour la princesse! Is it la vieille bleue?—mais*

mon—me I'm fatigued to look at that dress. I choose *la plus vieille blanche*. Me, I pay always my respects to old age. Ain' so, Zozi?" And the little sprite twined her arms about her old nurse's black neck, and kissed her affectionately.

"Ah! *ma pauvre 'tite* an thy Maman, een those ol taim, *toilettes, toilettes, tous-jours toilettes!*"

"You must not make me *triste*, Zozi. Never, no not one time more, I will feel *triste, moi*."

"Me I 'ope thad goin' com' true, *mais j'ai peur, moi!*" Tek cyah. Too much glad, he mek sawhy. Yo po' ole Zozi she sweep las night after *la cloche d'Eglise* strek seex. Thas one bahd, bahd sign!" And the old negress sighed heavily.

"*Mais depeche toi donc*, thou *bete d'une balayeuse* and make thy baby not so ugly."

Zozi enveloped her lovely nursing in that often, alas! how very often worn white muslin frock. Doucette asked very earnestly if all the darned places were out of evidence. Then Zozi put clusters of scarlet pomegranate blooms in her hair and bosom, to match Doucette's lips. All else was vestal white, and thus she chose to go to her lover. Her dress floated from neck to toe in one filmy, cloud-like sweep.

"*Vraiment* now, Zozi, you find me ugly tonight, ain' so?" she demurely asked. The charmed old negress clasped her hands in rapturous delight.

"*Mon Dieu, tu es belle comme un ange!*"

"*Tais toi! tais toi!*" She put one little hand across her nurse's mouth. But she laughed aloud.

"Me, I must see how this Mamselle Doucette de Dressac looks," and she gazed earnestly into the mirror, which threw back such a picture of radiant maiden loveliness, that Doucette herself was astonished at her own beauty. How glad she was to be beautiful tonight! Her dark, lustrous eyes veiled themselves as she fell into a tender, dreamy reverie, then waking from it, she broke forth into

a gay little *chanson*, and declaring that the room was stifling, ran out on the vine-clad balcony.

Sweet scented flowers filled the moist air with their incense; fire-flies glinted in the rich sub-tropical foliage of the Cathedral close; soft moths winged their way in and out of the perfumed shrubbery; from one side breathed a zephyr from sweet olive trees, from the other a gentle breeze from the river.

In the doorway of the *rez-de-chaussee* of a house near by a soft tenor voice chanted a love song to the delicious accompaniment of a zither. When the song was finished the moon came out from a bed of fleecy clouds and lit up the narrow street.

Doucette, enraptured and enthralled, leaned over the balcony and saw Henri almost reel from the front door into the *allee*, and go blindly striding away.

What could the matter be? Surely some misfortune had befallen. There was a constriction at her heart, yet she found herself looking into the window of the Roman Catholic shop just below, and it seemed that the little porcelain angels were ascending and descending a Jacob's ladder of long communion candles in the show case. Then she heard her mother's step. As she went to meet her she flushed and kindled, gave one look into her mother's face, then the flush went out, leaving her cold and gray. An icy wind seemed to sweep over her.

"Maman, *chere* Maman, what hast thou—where is Henri?"

"He is gone, my child."

"He will come?"

"My adored one, my sweet. Thou, too, must hear what thy most miserable mother has just told Henri."

The child heard the piteous story. With head buried in her mother's lap, she gave no sign of life until Madame de Dressac ceased to speak. Then with a low shuddering wail she dropped on her knees and clasped her hands.

"Look at me, my sweet, my angel."

"Oh! Mama, thy Doucette has such shame, such shame! How can I ever more look him in the face? Or even thou, Mama?—*Thou art white*, but I—I am—I am, merciful God in heaven, *what* am I? I cannot speak it."

"My poor little one! Is not thy shame thy mother's shame, and thy sorrow her calamity?"

"But what can I do, mama? How can I live? Oh, I cannot—it is a cruel God that lets me live. Let me die! Let me die!" She shivered as with mortal cold.

"But *maman non! non! non!* This thing you tell me,—it is *impossible! impossible!*—Look at thy child. Am I not white? Look at these arms—and my hair—is *this* the hair of a *mulatresse*? *Mon Dieu, Maman*, I am white, *Maman*, oh, *ma chérie*, tell me, tell me! Ah! thou canst not, even to make me happy." Then dropping on her knees, with upturned, agonized face she prayed. 'Marie, mother of sorrows, beseech thy dear Son to let me die—*now—now.*'"

A moment thus she knelt, as though she awaited a bolt from Heaven, expectation painted in every feature of her quivering face. Then she rose slowly to her feet, staggered back, covered her face with her hands, and crying "*Ne me touche pas! ne me touche pas! Lepre! Lepre!*" she fell as one dead at the feet of Zosi.

Estelle felt that never until now had she known grief.

Sleepless and silent the two women lay side by side all through that long night. Doucette's heart was a sepulcher without a ray of sunshine.

A great ache was in her temples. The power of thought was numbed. Her memory confused. Yet she thought of a certain girl at the Ursulines Convent. How there had first arisen a faintly whispered suspicion that she had "colored blood." How it grew louder and louder

—then was openly discussed—how the other girls shunned her, how the poor thing seemed utterly smothered in the strange atmosphere which suddenly enveloped her. But she, Doucette, had been kind to her! Oh! how glad now she was that she had not shrunk from the Pariah—Pariah! She too was a Pariah!

The reflection scourged her, and in her shame she cowered from the light. This shame as she brooded over it, grew until it became an intolerable burden. And Henri knew it also! Ah! that was the burning shame in her breast. "If—if only Mama had kept this hideous secret, what harm would have come? Then she and Henri would have been happy." The child writhed in her crucifixion. How could her mother know what misery she had inflicted?—her heart grew wild with despair and rage and she cursed God.

Then the suffering little one, horrified at her blasphemy against her God and her mother, was seized with the most poignant remorse. She prayed for forgiveness, and it seemed as if with the utterance of that prayer, calmness of thought became once more possible. Miserable creature that she was, she had thought only of herself. In what a pit of hell her mother had been tortured all these years! In pitying her mother her own agony was soothed, and when at last in a paroxysm of tenderness she fell upon her mother's neck, the two women wept together and consoled one another.

Old Zosi, lying as always on a pallet by their bedside, could not sleep. She had not been surprised by her mistress' revelations, for she had known them always, and had even thought to kill her mistress' husband, after she learned his treachery.

Her mind tonight was thronged by thousands of shadowy phantoms. Her mistress' dead husband—his father—her mistress' father, all seemed to rise up,

to threaten, to warn her. Shadowy beings haunted her. She saw them still, when she shut her eyes. The old woman was remarkably cunning, yet her head was full of the strange superstitions that could be traced back to Africa. At last she dropped into a troubled sleep, and then her master appeared and asked, "Where is the letter?" So distinctly did he speak that she sprang up in her sleep and cried out, "*Oui, monsieur, mon maitre, j'ai la lettre!*" But she spoke to air. Her mistress made her go back to bed, but she could not sleep. The mocking shapes seemed to jeer at her, crying out, "*La lettre! la lettre!*"

What had she, who could neither read nor write, to do with letters? It was a *sottise*. Then memory grew active. "Ah! *la lettre?*" Suppose it was that letter her old master had hurled from him the day he was stricken down in death.

She had always been afraid of that terrible letter. It held, no doubt, some *gri-gri* which had killed her master. Was it not a letter that had consumed him with misery? She had never dared mention the letter—but she had it still—she had hid it away—but now that the memory of its possession had come back to her, she would get rid of it. Tomorrow she would give it to Pere Ignace. He could sprinkle it with holy water and exorcise the Voudou spirits in it, then burn it.

All the sad actors in the tragedy of that black night arose weary and heart-sick the next morning. The old Doucette was dead. Only her love for Henri lived. But she shrank from the thought of him. To wed him was to dishonor him. To love him, even, was now a shame, and she writhed in self-abasement at the thought that he knew her degradation. Soon everybody would know it. Why could she and her mother not bury themselves in some convent, where they would be indeed

dead to a prying, babbling world?

* * * *

When Zozi came to her bed the next morning with her coffee, it was a wan, woeful face her *bebe* showed her. But she bade her drink it, it would give her "good heart."

Then as Doucette mechanically swallowed it, the old woman stroked the child's hair softly. The familiar caress soothed the girl, and she made no resistance when her old nurse took her in her arms, and rocking her gently to and fro, crooned over her the old, old cradle songs. When at last Zozi's unerring instinct told her that the right moment had come, she said coaxingly, "You go'n cry no mo. Me, I know you go'n be happy! You go'n see. Zozi make ev theeng right, you see *ma belle et bonne*."

"*Non! pauvre Zozi.*"

"*Non! noboddee go'n be pauvre no mo! We hev see nuff pauvre en pauvrete. Dass go'n chenge! Voila!*" And the old nurse opened the *persiennes*, letting in a flood of sunshine.

What mysterious alchemy is there in the sun?

The warm light which enveloped Doucette awoke a happy hope in her heart.

She turned to Zozi and said "*Laissons faire le menage.*" Then cheerfully she went the round of domestic duties, doing all with that strict attention and nicety of detail, peculiar to the Creole house-keeper.

Madame de Dressac was locked in her own room, said Zozi and did not wish even Doucette to disturb her.

Early that morning, even before the milk carts had begun to make their wild rattle over the granite block pavements, Zozi had arisen from her pallet, which had been haunted by dreams and specters.

"Me, I got fuh look fuh one letter," she said, crossing herself piously, and

hurried off to a little cabinet, where she unlocked a small, ancient, hair-covered trunk, in which were her most cherished belongings. She fumbled some time among its contents, and at last drew forth a faded *foulard*, its corners tied together. She untied it, and took out a foreign looking letter, all yellowed with age, its seal unbroken. Zozi held it gingerly between her fingers as though it were not safe to handle it.

Just such a letter had brought all the trouble upon the family. This very letter had killed her master. The Vou-dou spell within it must be an awful and a powerful one. It was with fear and trembling that she had taken the grew-some thing in her fingers to hide it away.

Perhaps the Zombi in it might yet work an evil spell on the house and its inmates. Twice, long, long ago, she had been on the point of burning it, but the first time she took it up with the tongs, just as she had stretched it over the coals, at the same time making the sign of the cross, a spider dropped from the wall. Now, as everyone knows, to see a spider in the evening is bad luck. So she accepted the warning, reluctantly, and put the letter back.

Another night she was on the point of burning it when a dog howled at the gate. This surely was an ill omen, and again she refrained. Under the strain incident to war and want, the letter passed from her memory, until her old master rose up before her and ordered her to give it to her mistress. Still she was afraid of the malign influences of that letter if once it was opened. She loved her mistress passionately. Impossible! She could not hurt her, not if she burned forever in hell for disobeying the spirit's warning. She would go first to Pere Ignace. Priests were sent by God to help people out of hard places. If that was not their business, then, thought Zozi, they would better be working out in the world. She loved Pere

Ignace, and had no fears that the letter might also hurt him when he opened it. Perhaps she thought that the good father in his holy office, was, after all, better fitted to come out victorious in a battle with the evil one, than an ordinary mortal. So she put the letter in her bosom, where it felt as cold as a snake, and slipped out to consult Pere Ignace.

She was soon at the yellow house in Rue des Bons Enfants, where she was received by the father's black, fat old cook and housekeeper with a hearty "*Bon jour!*" and an added exclamation of surprise that she was so exceedingly "*matinale.*"

"*Oui, vraiment*, but me I wand to spig weed Pere Ignace."

"A'right, me I go'n tell eem."

Pere Ignace gave his visitor audience a few moments later, in the little, bare, impersonal parlor.

"How can I help you, Zozi," he inquired kindly, after an exchange of greetings.

"Ah! *mon pere*, we god plaintee trub, plaintee, plaintee, to ou' house."

"I am sorry to hear that, Zozi. Maybe I can do something."

"Thadz whad I think, me, mahself,—thadz wad mek me trub you now. Me, I got one *lettre*." Here she took hold of the letter as though it were a serpent that might sting her, and handed it solemnly to the priest.

"But Zozi, when did you get this?"

"Oh, long, long taim! Befo' ole master die."

"And you have never showed it to Madame de Dressac?"

"En fo' whad? Ain' she god trub 'nough alredeed, don't me mek mo—hein, *mon pere!*"

"But, Zozi, this may be of great importance."

"Yas, dass whad mek me breeng eet now, *mon pere*. Me, I wand you rid eet, er tell me whad you theenk."

A faint smile played about the lips of

the old priest, as he broke the seal, but he was well acquainted with the curious blendings of ignorance, intelligence and superstition in the mongrel population he ministered to.

But as he read the smile faded, and was replaced by astonishment, then indignation. Zozi watched every change in the priest's countenance, and took a long breath of relief when at last he refolded the letter. So far Pere Ignace had not been harmed by any Zombi spell.

"Zozi, who told you to give me this letter?"

"My old master, he come from heaven las' night. *He tell me, mon pere.*"

"If your mistress had read this letter, Zozi, when you first got it, she would have been a far less unhappy woman. All would have been different — she, Doucette and you."

"*Mais, mon pere*, me I do whad I theenk bais. Ole Zozi theenk fo' kip trub fom Mamzelle Estelle. Ain' I alreddy see weed dees two eyes, how one *lettre* lak dat separate Mamzelle Estelle en Michie Armand? Ain' I see, *me, masef*, how dees *lettre*, jus fo' look ad eed, done keel Michie St. Ange? You theenk Zozi, af' she see such *misere*, go'n led one *lettre* mek mo' trub! *Eh, non, mon pere.*"

"I am not blaming you, Zozi. I know how you felt. I know you wanted to spare your mistress. But listen."

Then Pere Ignace read slowly to the astonished woman these words—

"My dear St. Ange: My friend, we are even, we two. Long years ago, when my blood was hot, I vowed revenge for a wrong I fancied you had done me. Well, I have had it; but not exactly as I made you believe. I only played a joke upon you, *mon ami*, when I wrote you that Celeste was Armand's mother. Armand is indeed my son, but *not* the son of your slave girl. Heaven bless you that you stopped that mad piece of folly. My son's mother is of the best blood of France. I enclose you a copy of our *Contrat de Mariage*, also one of the baptism of our son.

"You will receive this letter a few hours after that other. A fine joke, is it not? You see I wanted to give you a little shock. For, indeed, my dear old friend, you are a little *fol*, you *Americains*, upon that subject. As for me, I have not that prejudice, *c'este a dire* to

such an extent, you understand.

"Embrace my dear *belle fille* who must be beautiful as a dream, and forgive your old friend for the practical joke.

GUY DE DRESSAC."

Zozi sat like one turned to stone, through the reading of the letter. She had a quick intelligence which enabled her to take in its full meaning, and she divined instantly what a load of crushing sorrow would have been diverted from Estelle had she not concealed this letter from her.

She fell to the floor and prostrated herself at the priest's feet, piteously begging God to strike her dead. She was the one who had put a knife in her beloved mistress' heart and the wound had bled daily for all these long years. She who had loved her so, who would let her old body be cut into pieces to save Mamzelle Estelle and her *bebe* from sorrow. She fell prone upon her face and literally groveled in despair.

Then the priest bade her rise.

When at last she stood, head hung down before him, his words were so kind and soothing that she ceased weeping and begged him to tell her what to do.

"Leave that to me," replied the priest.

Zozi, kneeling, kissed the hem of his robe, and before the good man could rebuke her had glided out of the little shelled garden and was running swiftly down Rue des Bons Enfants.

* * * *

Henri had wrestled with the legions of devils which had beset him after that awful revelation of Madame de Dressac. He had at last determined to take love as his guide.

This Doucette was the same girl he had loved so passionately before her mother spoke. She was in no wise different, now that he knew of this taint in her blood, from what she was before.

She was the same adorable little creature, and his heart cried out for her.

Love is an occult agency, that works mysterious spiritual processes. Yesterday morning, if a friend had sought

advice in such a situation, he would have emphatically prescribed renunciation of the woman, adored though she might be by her lover. He might perhaps have treated him to an ethnological dissertation, reminded him that the race germin never dies, of the survival of physical, mental, and moral blemishes, of the dread reversion of type.

But in his own case, although all these things had leaped up into his own mind, although the horror had at first been overwhelming, his heart had yielded to nature. Doucette was still Doucette.

This thought had brought him back to himself, and fierce love had burned up all barriers. Gone were all race theories and speculations. With Doucette there would be no disgrace. She was her mother's child. A regal woman, in beauty and intellect.

Henri walked once more a man. He had made his choice. The long agony of the struggle was past; and he rose up from the contest with renewed strength. He longed to see Doucette. He had long enough denied himself the delight of wooing her, now he would seek her. What if the hour were unconventional? In *Allée St. Antoine* there were few conventionalities, and now there should be fewer. The lover of today was perhaps graver than he of yesterday, but he loved as much, nay, he said to himself, "More, a thousand times more!"

As he entered the gate he plucked a spray of olive from a bush she had planted. Its delicate, elusive fragrance always reminded him of Doucette's subtle charm, and once he had told her so. She had laughed mockingly, yet she

had been pleased. As he entered the doorway of his beloved he met Pere Ignace.

The two greeted each other, and there was even more kindly warmth than usual in the priest's tones and manner.

"Father, how is she?" he asked.

"I have not seen Doucette, my son, but I fear she has been in sore trouble."

"I know it, Father. But when we are married I shall try to console her."

"You will marry Doucette?—you, Henri St. Amant—you marry a—"

"Yes! Were she one a thousand times—she is still Doucette, my Doucette."

Pere Ignace clasped the young man's hand in both his own.

"You are brave, my son, but you would do an unwise thing were Doucette indeed—but she is worthy of you. There is no taint in the child's blood. See, she comes. Her mother brings her to you."

With intuitive comprehension Henri sprang to meet mother and daughter as they appeared in the doorway.

"Henri, my son, Doucette is thine, and worthy to be thine."

Henri took the girl in his arms for one brief moment, then both kneeling at the priest's feet asked his blessing.

Even as Henri helped Doucette to rise, her eyes fell upon Zozi standing apart, alone, unnoticed, weeping.

"Come," said Doucette, giving her hand to Henri.

Together, they approached the old *bonne* and Doucette, throwing her arms about Zozi's neck, exclaimed:

"It is thou, Zozi, who hast made us all so happy."

DESIRE

Show me a rich red rose,
But do not give it me,
For greater bliss desire is
Than the red rose would be.

EDWARD L. PETERSON.

Things Worth While in Menomonie, Wisconsin

By DR. A. E. WINSHIP,

Editor of The Journal of Education

THANKS to one corporation, and largely to one of its officials, Menomonie, Wisconsin, sixty-five miles southeast of St. Paul, on the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, has more attractions for a family than any other village of three thousand inhabitants in so rigorous a climate and so far from a metropolis. There are no climatic attractions—the mercury is proud of its mid-winter revelry in the forties, the mud rejoices in its possible depths and in the matchless contortions it can assume in freezing; but even then Menomonie remains a beautiful village with many homes of surpassing elegance, with rare art in pictures, statuary and furnishings, with numerous homes of genuine comfort on moderate means, and no homes wholly devoid of cheer and hope.

The schools have a national fame, and Menomonie, Wisconsin, will rank with the villages made famous by Pestalozzi and Froebel, and will be in a class with them, so far as the New World is concerned. Here, in a village of three thousand, in a township of less than six thousand, are five school buildings in a group, costing, with their educational equipment, considerably more than \$300,000, aside from the land, and almost exclusively for common school purposes and for the children of the village and the young people of the rural districts of Dunn County. And this peerless educational plant is not due to the pedagogical enthusiasm of an educa-

tional theorist, nor to one great gift of a Carnegie, a Rockefeller or a Frick, but to a modest business man in the prime of life, who is still carrying immense personal and corporate responsibilities.

James H. Stout is the active leader and business manager of Knapp, Stout & Co., who have scalped hundreds of square miles in the Red Cedar valley; who own thousands upon thousands of acres of heavy timber in Missouri and Arkansas; who have bonded almost limitless square miles of majestic red cedar in northern California and Oregon, and who are manufacturing electrical motors, upon which they had expended more than \$100,000 before they put one upon the market, which proved to be the entire civilized world. When Mr. Stout has served out his present term in the Wisconsin senate he will have occupied the position twelve years, an almost unprecedented service in any state senate. Despite his vast business interests and responsibilities, Senator Stout is among the most constant legislators and one of the most faithful. To this busy man Menomonie is indebted for her educational preeminence.

Almost sixty years ago—in 1846—Captain William Wilson, father-in-law of Senator Stout, selected this spot in the wilderness, as it then was, for the site of a lumber mill and residence. In all the great state it would be difficult to find a more beautiful location for a home than that upon which he built the present

residence of Senator Stout. Within a few years Captain Wilson associated with him Mr. John H. Knapp, Captain Andrew Taintor and the father of Senator Stout, a lumber dealer in Dubuque, Iowa, where James H. was born.

In 1865 Mr. Stout of Dubuque was well to do, able to give his sons any desired opportunity and start in life. James H., the youngest son, a lad midway of his teens, on a raw November day, impatient with school life as it then was, insisted upon going into business.

"Think twice before you take such a step," said the father.

"I have thought more than twice and I want to go into business now."

"All right; put on your overalls and report to Peter at the yard," and the poetry of a business career was short lived when James H. Stout was handling one end of wet lumber with a well seasoned workman at the other end. But he never winced during the hard winter in which he worked long hours in the raw end of the lumber yard of Knapp, Stout & Co. The knowledge he then acquired of all grades and conditions of lumber led to his being placed in charge of affairs when, soon after, they established a yard at St. Louis. From thence he went up into the backwoods of Wisconsin and Minnesota and worked like a slave to make their business an uninterrupted success through good times and hard times, so that for nearly sixty years there has been no quailing of their creditors, though panic after panic, like those of '57, '73, and '93, have swept the country.

It was about fifteen years ago that Senator Stout decided that it was not worth his while to follow the stream forever, looking after the crude end of their lumber interests, though not unappreciative of the fact that it was twenty years of the hardest kind of work that had brought him to the forefront in influence and responsibility. They were employ-

ing a large number of men, giving them steady work and good wages. It was a great satisfaction to him that, largely as a result of his business enterprise, they were able to hand out to these men as a whole from sixty thousand to eighty thousand dollars a month in wages for rent and fuel, food and clothing, for themselves and their families. About fifteen years ago a new thought possessed him. He awoke more or less suddenly to a realization of the fact that he does little who merely shelters and feeds and clothes the men who are giving their lives for him, while the money goes on to landlord, merchant and manufacturer. "What do these men and their families get out of the money?" became an overpowering question. Since then he has done a larger business, but in addition to that he has done infinitely more for the community, to the end that greater comfort and luxury may fruit from the money they have, be it little or much.

In 1852 Menomonie's entire township was content with a humble one room wooden school building. In 1890 there were upward of five thousand people in the township, there were many schools, a superintendent, better books and blackboards; but beyond that there was slight improvement. The schools differed little from those of any other rural town of its size. Since 1890 they have become the wonder of those who have been there or who have studied them from published accounts. The conception and its execution are Senator Stout's. We have here an instance, without a parallel, of a people being led out into a way which they knew not by the deeper insight, strong purpose and wise leadership of a single public spirited individual, supported by a liberal use of private funds. The first step was taken when in October, 1890, Mr. Stout made to the board of education this proposition:

"I will place upon the school grounds, in a place to be designated by the board of educa-

tion, a building of proper size and kind, furnished with all the equipments necessary for the instruction of classes of boys and girls in the subjects included in the first-year course of manual training. I will also pay the salaries of the necessary teachers, the cost of all necessary materials and supplies, and all the contingent expenses for three terms or for a time equivalent to three school terms, except such part thereof as shall be paid by five hundred dollars, which is to be provided by the board of education."

The board accepted the proposition, little anticipating what it signified to the town. Mr. Stout was soon elected upon the school board and made its chairman, and he watched the experiment and continued his benefactions, adding more and more from year to year, until on February 2, 1897, when the citizens saw all this plant and their own school buildings go up in flames. In three hours their pride was a heap of ruins. Consternation reigned. Up to that time they had little heeded their great good fortune, had said "Thank you" in a perfunctory way only; but now it was gone, now that they could hope only for an old fashioned school house and education, they awoke to the situation. In a few days the following petition, signed by the mayor, the city council and practically every business man and prominent citizen, was handed him:

Hon. James H. Stout, Dear Sir:—We whose names are hereto subscribed, realizing the great loss our city has sustained in the destruction by fire of "The Stout Manual Training School" building, hereby desire to express our high appreciation of the interest you have taken in our public schools, and of your generous benefactions in their behalf, and we wish especially to convey to you the sense of personal loss we feel.

We had come to regard this branch, not only as a valuable adjunct to the public schools, but also as an important factor in the attractiveness and growth of our city.

The few years in which the school has been in operation have been sufficient to attract widespread attention. We confidently believe a reestablishment of the school would not only be a direct benefit to our city, but would also be an impetus to similar work in other cities.

We trust you may feel there has been no want of appreciation on our part in the past.

Our hope is that the Manual Training School will be reestablished. Be assured you may rely

upon the hearty support and cooperation of us, your fellow citizens, in whatever plan may commend itself to your judgement.

In due season the city, at his suggestion, and upon his plans, erected a noble brick building at a cost of \$60,000, and he added upward of \$25,000 for equipment and adornment. He placed beside it an architectural companion-piece which cost with equipment more than \$100,000. Near by is a natatorium and gymnasium costing nearly \$100,000 more, and beyond he has erected an agricultural school building at a cost of some \$50,000. In no respect is there anything left undone in the four buildings that money can do for their perfection. There is not a more perfect equipment anywhere in any regard, and in many respects there is nothing to approach it. In manual training there is nothing in St. Louis or Indianapolis, in Philadelphia or Boston, in Washington or Chicago or anywhere else so complete. It begins with a smelter which takes iron ore, mined twelve miles away, two tons at a time, and sends it on to its mission, and the course ends in an art room in which every phase of art is represented by a masterpiece—one rug costing \$1,000.

The greatest of educational luxuries is the natatorium-gymnasium, three stories, 99 by 132 feet. The natatorium is 41 by 99 feet with a plunge 30 by 80, with a depth ranging from 3½ to 8 feet. Dressing and undressing rooms are numerous, with shower baths, tub baths, and as perfect a Turkish bath equipment for hot room, steam room and massage baths as was ever made. The gymnasium hall is 41 by 84 feet, with every conceivable appointment and appliance, with fifty-four dressers. There are in this building, also, two beautiful club rooms. All this is for the public schools in a village of three thousand.

With all the expense and architectural beauty, the entire equipment represents more brains than dollars, more pedagogi-

cal wisdom than architectural skill, more true kindergarten spirit than mere zeal, more literary flavor than mere stacks of books, more scholastic discrimination than philanthropic ambition, and more of everything educationally vital than is found in places where distinctly educational leaders hold sway.

True, much credit is due to Superintendent J. E. Hoyt and his wife, whose lives have gone into this work for ten years; to Miss Murphy, whose artist instinct accounts for much of the success; to Mr. Mason, who directs the industrial education, and to other skillful leaders; but then they are the personal choice of Senator Stout, who has selected each with as much care as though he was placing him in charge of his own vast business interests, and who holds each strictly accountable for results up to his standard.

But this educational village scheme is by no means his only phase of devotion to the people. It is indeed inconceivable that a man can carry on so extensive and complicated a business as Knapp, Stout & Co. represent and be a faithful, devoted state senator and look after the efficiency of these schools so completely, but all this does not compass his devotion to the public good. "Good roads are indispensable to the comfort and prosperity of a community," said Mr. Stout twelve years ago, and he proceeded to build a mile and a half of first class macadamized roadway in the outskirts of the village, as good as can be found in Massachusetts under her state road scheme. He invited the road commissioners of each township in the county to be his guest for a week while the road was being made. No other piece of road building was ever so thoroughly supervised. He aroused the county and state to the necessity of activity, and then attracted so much attention to his good roads mission that the United States government appointed him commis-

sioner of highway improvement for the northwestern states.

There are vast numbers of chronic insane who are grievously wronged from lack of discriminating attention, and to these he gave earnest heed. He presented the case to the governor and the legislature and was appointed commissioner with authority to establish a home for such persons within the township of Menomonie. A beautiful farm of 800 acres was purchased and equipped at an expense of \$110,000, which was loaned by the state. It was stocked with one of the best registered flocks of sheep in the country, with a herd of pure Jerseys, with closely bred hogs, with valuable strains of poultry. Mr. Stout insisted that the chronic insane need the best of everything to care for and enjoy. There are on the average 120 patients in the institution, for whose board, care and treatment the state pays \$1.50 a week and the county as much more, and in twelve years this institution has paid the state interest annually on the loan and has paid back to the treasury \$90,000, leaving a farm worth much more than the \$110,000 which it cost, with an indebtedness of only \$20,000. Last year it paid all the bills, made many permanent improvements and cleared over and above everything \$10,000, and it is doing that annually.

Senator Stout is a believer in art and through his benevolence and close attention to detail he has arranged for a traveling art museum by means of which 672 beautiful framed pictures, in sets of six each, travel systematically through 112 different rural schools, so that in turn every one of these country schools will have for a month the whole 672 noble pictures. To him is largely due the now famous school library scheme of Wisconsin, and to him is due, entirely, the Dunn county plan to train a librarian in each township to make the library most useful. Once a year he invites all

of these school librarians to be his guests for a day in Menomonie and they have an all day session, over which he presides, for the consideration of the helps and hindrances to the best service of the libraries in that county.

"The normal schools are not providing teachers for the rural schools in Dunn county," said Mr. Stout, and provision was made for two county normal schools in the state, with an appropriation of \$53,750 for each, and one of them is in Menomonie. He provides school rooms and all equipment personally, so that the money can all go to a principal and assistant, and over it he has watched with jealous care. In September, 1899, it opened with five students and graduated eighteen; in June, 1901, it graduated twenty-six; in 1902, seventy-one, and this year it was filled to the limit on the opening day and many were refused admission. Three years ago there was not a trained teacher in a normal school in Dunn county, and now for more than a year no new teacher has been employed who has not had a year's expert training in the Dunn county normal school. One would think to see the enthusiasm of Mr. Stout for this work, that it was the only pet scheme he ever had.

The agricultural success of the institution for the chronic insane, together with other observations and theories, made Mr. Stout an intense enthusiast over the

training of farmers and he has secured legislation for a county agricultural school which is located in Menomonie, in a beautiful building fully equipped at his personal expense. Every phase of it, from the initial legislation to the choice of teachers and perfecting of the equipment of the plant, has his close personal attention. For several years Senator Stout has been one of the most prominent trustees of the great state university of Wisconsin, and is now upon the sub-committee charged with responsibility for the selection of a president to succeed the late Charles Kendall Adams. Senator Stout never appears to be busy, never appears to have any business in hand.

On October 24 and 25, 1902, Menomonie welcomed the Northwestern Wisconsin Teachers' association, providing for the free entertainment for two nights and days of more than 600 women, after the hotels had been filled by the men. To accommodate, with free entertainment, this number in a village of 3,000 is no light task. It was possible because Senator Stout had watched every detail and had opened every home of luxury to from eight to twelve visitors. It was past midnight when he rose to say good night.

"Where will you sleep," I asked.

"On a cot in the basement," he said, and added, "And I shall sleep, too."

VERITAS

Ah, no more the lyre of deep-brow'd Homer
Drops like golden rain in joy of battle
Those slow spondees and those headlong dactyls—
Sounding lines, and every 'line a lyric!

Ah, no more the harp of dreaming David—
On whose eye of faith there flash'd the Vision,
From his own pure heart projected skyward,
Infinite personified perfection—
Spills its splendid ecstasy of worship.

Shall we then hark back to sage and shepherd,
Put our lips to *Iliads* and *Psalters*,

Quaffing mighty wines of war and worship,
Wild and wistful with forgotten questions,
Satisfied with draughts that leaves us thirsting?

Nay, the rather face the future boldly,
Never turn the eye to view that city
We have left, or be it Rome or Sodom,—
Let who will look back, be ours to-morrow!
Psalms for those who like, for us truth only,
That new Science which is Faith and Worship,
God in all things—force and mind and matter,
Immanent, immutable, immortal!

FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES

The Case of Gabriele D'Annunzio

By RALPH BERGENGREN

THE much discussed work of Gabriele d'Annunzio, despite its undeniable charm of poetic expression, its convincing analysis of possible conditions of life and its power of dramatic construction in making of these conditions the series of pictures that constitute the acts of a play, will probably have little future interest, as represented by the first two of the three dramas which Signora Duse is now presenting on this side of the water, except to students of literary or dramatic ephemera. Signora Duse is presenting three plays, *Gioconda*, *La Città Morta*, and finally *Francesca de Rimini*. Given in this order the arrangement is admirably suggestive of aesthetic purpose, but hardly so well adapted to the best pecuniary results. The third play is preeminently the drama of popular interest—an affair of action, visible movement, picturesque costume and scenery; of mediaeval soldiery, Greek fire, savage warfare and amorous passion. It is a play, therefore, as popular audiences have always understood the word; with the addition of its stage setting and historic accessories it becomes a play as the word is best understood by the modern popular audience. Its plot is neither too subtle for a very ordinary intelligence, nor too lacking in subtlety to hold the attention of a broad and well informed intelligence.

The two others, somber, lacking in physical movement and embodying a careful analysis of diseased conditions by no means altogether unique to modern civilization, are of another school. Unless the province of art has

very recently widened beyond the limits set by the consensus of all past opinion, they can have no permanent place in it. A play, book or picture—at least such is my reading of this consensus of opinion—may represent the exceptional, but its business, so far as the general scheme of things is concerned, has never been to represent the exception. The point may be made clearer by a comparison between the first two and the third of these plays of Gabriele d'Annunzio.

Of the earlier plays, the first circles about the diseased nerves of a sculptor, the second about the more horribly diseased mental condition of an Italian scientist engaged in excavating an ancient city supposed to contain the mortal remains of the most outrageously immoral figures of Greek mythology. That the working out of the first theme is a consistent exposition of the idea—which is not proved by the actual history of the greatest artists—that “temperament” is held by its possessor to be its own excuse and sexuality its natural expression, is no more to the point than is the poetic fashion wherein the author establishes, in his second drama, a direct connection between the dust of the immoral city and the degenerate temptation that assails this unfortunate man of science. The primary consideration is that both states of mind belong to the exceptions for which humanity has provided hospitals and mad-houses. Their experiences are beyond the artistic comprehension of any one except an expert in mental diseases. To understand the author's purpose, much less to sympa-

thize with it, one must carry to the theater a fund of knowledge only to be gathered in a medical library.

Why then do they attract audiences? One reason probably is that a new movement in dramatic expression—a new movement that incidentally proves old rules because, at its best, it may be found to conform to their established principles—has created what is called the modern school of dramatic writing. This school declares that movement, the actual happening of such obvious physical events as a battle, for example, is a crude method of enlisting human interest in a play; that the development of mental conditions, without extra inducements to interest in the shape of picturesque environment, is the highest form of artistic stage endeavor; that the play of the future should be a study of conflicting human emotions as they may work out the destiny of a given character or group of characters under apparently the most ordinary conditions of life. The school has its following as well as its prophets, but neither the one nor the other has yet wholly emerged from the earlier stages of the experiment. Such a play as Ibsen's *Doll's House* has stood the test of repeated performances and is actually making a place for itself among the great mass of play-goers who care nothing for schools; *Ghosts*, on the other hand, wherein a study of diseased conditions suggests immediate comparison with these earlier plays of D'Annunzio, has been acted as a dramatic curiosity and is already almost forgotten except by students. Now *Ghosts*, taken simply as the working out of a problem in morbid mentality, is a wonderful performance; and so is *Gioconda* or *La Citta Morta*.

Francesca de Rimini marks a distinct departure from the plays that preceded

it. A story of animal passion, it is no longer dehumanized by mental decay. The same poetic power clothes in this case a series of situations that are within the understanding of moderately intelligent men and women. The situations are exceptional. It is hardly probable that many of the persons who make up an average audience will have experienced the passion of Paola and Francesca. A majority will sympathize with the husband much more than with the lover; but each, in his or her own degree, will have understood the thing that has been set before them. The play is lucid as no play based upon special knowledge of so special a department of life as nervous degeneration can ever hope to be. And this lucidity—or clearness to a typical, well-informed intelligence, is one of the few words that applies to every true production in art.

Commercially, therefore, *Francesca de Rimini*, *La Citta Morta*, and finally *Gioconda* would have been a more profitable arrangement of Signora Duse's repertoire. The present arrangement, granting that the same auditor is to see the three plays—which he usually isn't—is fairer to the author, for it shows his power moving from darkness toward daylight, from the ephemeral to the permanent. In an age of few poets, this is no small matter; and that Gabriele D'Annunzio is a true poet, certainly head and shoulders above anybody now writing for the English-speaking stage, is evident even in a translation. His manner, if not always his matter, is worthy even of Duse.

Signora Duse herself is above blame, and equally above praise. Her charm, simplicity, power and all-embracing humanity burn together in the pure flame of genius, unquestioning, unquestionable.



NOTE and COMMENT

By FRANK PUTNAM

MONEY MAD AMERICA

AMERICA today is money mad. Its dreams are of dollars. Its ambition is to own—forgetting that no man ever really owns anything. The doings of our millionaires—their successful skin games, whereby they amass more property than they can wisely control; their gorgeous, useless palaces, their yachts, their hand-in-glove familiarity with our servants in the government, whereby they seek—and too often obtain—special favors at our expense; their ostentatious marriages and divorces—all the chronicle of their unimportant and unbeautiful lives, confronts us in the press at every turn. (The New York and Chicago papers are the worst offenders in this respect.) And the people like it. This is the evidence of their madness. But they will recover. The old immortal standards of beauty and truth are not shaken by the temporary neglect of a single people in a single era. Like the sun and the stars, they will be seen to shine on benignly when the money hunters have worn out their frenzy. We have men today—and women—as pure of heart and as great intellectually as any who have illuminated past pages of our history. Their labors and counsel

are powerfully exerted for the present and the future good of their fellows. The little mother who, amid the discouragements of poverty, rears her children to useful citizenship and honest self respect—she is such a woman, and her name, thank God! is legion. Such a man is Senator J. H. Stout of Menominee, Wisconsin, the story of whose noble and enlightened philanthropy in his own town is told elsewhere in this number. Such a man is John Mitchell of the miners' union, battling to win for his followers that most precious of all earthly possessions—a free spirit. (If in his battle he seems to abridge the freedom of a minority of the workers—the non-union miners, about whom President Eliot of Harvard and other academic critics of union labor are so painfully concerned—it is not his fault, but the fault of

the economic conditions with which he contends. He fights for the emancipation of the majority; and the non-union men may, by joining the majority, share all the benefits which only the organization of the majority could win. Moreover, the only freedom of the non-union men which is abridged is their freedom to betray and defeat the noblest aspirations of the majority. The

LYLIE O. HARRIS OF LOUISIANA.
WHOSE STORIES HAVE BEEN ENTERTAINING READERS OF THE
NATIONAL



Tories were the non-union men of the Revolution. The Copperheads were the non-union men, the strike breakers, of Civil war times. None today envies them their fame, nor endorses their actions.)

THE CAUSE OF HUMANITY

President Eliot of Harvard urges the desirability, for the laborer, of permanent employment and fixed environment. He believes the ruling class, the wealthy, who control natural monopolies and industrial avenues, should cooperate with their laborers to secure to the latter this permanency of employment and this fixed environment. The experience of the black men of the Southern states of this Union afforded a good example of the only kind of permanent employment and fixed environment that the ruling classes, considered as a whole rather than in their honorable exceptions, have ever given their laborers.

Labor has no hope of permanent free employment until Labor becomes the owner of the industry in which it is employed. Labor can have permanent employment when Labor owns, and through its servant, the government, directs, the industry in which Labor is employed. Labor can have the entire fruits of its product, minus only the small and diminishing percentage chargeable to administration, when, and only when, Labor acquires sufficient intelligence to assume ownership of the industries in which it is employed. The President Eliots and other comfortable representatives of the Established Order will never help Labor to bring in the new order.

Labor must work out its own salvation. It must educate, agitate and fight. The cause of Labor is the cause, not of a class, but of humanity.

Labor must insist upon education for its children. It must not consent when Wealth bids them pass by the public schools to toil on culm banks and in cotton mills. Labor must insist upon reserving some portion of its waking hours for other than bread-and-butter toil; for rest, for study, for thought. Labor must emancipate Woman: the larger the number of free ballots in a democracy, the smaller the possibility that Wealth may subvert popular liberties. Labor must become more than a battle for self preservation: it must become, is becoming, an expression of

NIXON WATERMAN

Forbes & Co. of Boston have just published a new collection of his happy lyrics.



brotherhood, of love; and in that light it is the noblest fact beneath the stars.

Wall street reporters say Morgan is to buy all the hard coal mines not now

SAM WALTER FOSS

Mr. Foss is the author of "The Higher Pioneering," published elsewhere in this number of the National, and of many other widely quoted lyrics. He is public librarian at Somerville, Mass.



owned by the railway coal trust. They say, also, that the well beloved George F. Baer is to head the enlarged coal combine. I am glad of this: it will be easier for the government to deal with one than with many operators when the people decide to buy the mines.

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS

A dozen or more new books on the desk requiring a word or two of comment. *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*, edited by Frederic Lawrence Knowles and published by Dana, Estes & Co., of Boston, is a compilation of two hundred and fifty witty, facetious and satirical pieces by one hundred and thirty British

and American authors. There are fifteen pages of notes, portraits of several of the best known authors quoted, and indexes of titles and first lines. Mr. Knowles explains that, his purpose being to make a book that should "attract a wide audience of readers," he made his selections almost wholly from nineteenth century writers. Much of the work included may fairly be deemed permanent. Those of us who have written humorous verses, and who do not find them in this volume, may console ourselves with the fact that Mr. Knowles has included several pieces that are fully as good as our own. This is a period of anthologies and condensed biographies—a stock taking era—and of them all none has a stronger claim upon popular favor than this latest in the list of anthologies edited by Mr. Knowles.

Other verse publications of the season are Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Captain Craig*, to be reviewed in a later number of this magazine by Mr. Knowles; *In Merry Mood*, a new collection of the simple, homely, sympathetic pieces which have won for Nixon Waterman the kindly regard of thousands of readers; *Cape Cod Ballads*, a sheaf of Joe Lincoln's rugged and striking dialect poems that have run through recent periodicals, here presented in a neat volume, with excellent illustrations by E. W. Kemble; and *Love Sonnets of an Office Boy*, S. E. Kiser's widely quoted and very amusing Record-Herald sequence, bound in a tiny volume, with effective pictures by John McCutcheon, and bearing the imprint—as does *In Merry Mood*—of Forbes & Co., Boston.

The new fiction offers nothing more agreeable to the lover of fine humor, keen character drawing and terse English than Roswell Field's *The Romance of an Old Fool*. This book, like John McGovern's *Poems*, is published by William

S. Lord at Evanston, Illinois. Marion Crawford's *Cecilia* presents types from modern Roman society in the setting of a strong, attractive story. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. put forth a new and exquisitely illustrated edition of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *Penelope's Experiences in Ireland*. The same house offers *Our Lady of the Beeches*, the charming story of "an unconventional romantic attachment," by the Baroness Von Hutten. The Macmillan Company sends us the best political novel of the season, Mark Lee Luther's *The Henchman*, a lightly veiled study of a famous political leader and one of his lieutenants. Little, Brown & Co. confer a favor upon all lovers of the elder Dumas by publishing Katherine Prescott Wormeley's translation of *The Speronara*. From Stokes & Co. comes *A Daughter of Rasaay*, by William MacLeod Raine, favorably known to the National family as a contributor of sprightly short stories. *A Daughter of Rasaay* is a vigorous, dramatic novel of love and sword fighting, dealing with the second futile attempt of the Scots to reseat the Stuarts on the British throne.

Of the making of books for children there is no end. Dozens of them have drifted across this desk during the past year. Of them all, Samuel McChord Crothers' *Miss Muffet's Christmas Party* is sweetest and best. The mother who devotes an hour to reading this delightful little story to her boys and girls will be twice repaid—first, in their pleasure; second, in her own keen appreciation of the tale. The illustrations by Olive M. Long present in their proper persons all the friends of Fairyland and "the realms of fancy." Here are Alice and her friends from Wonderland, Sindbad the Sailor and the Forty Thieves, Mowgli and Bagheera, Rollo, Uncle Remus, Grimm's company, Hans Christian Andersen's heroes, and many others.

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN

The clever American wife of a Bavarian nobleman. She has just given the public one of the most piquant and pleasing of recent novels, "Our Lady of the Beeches," (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), in which the theme is a perilously daring, yet wholesome, romantic attachment between the American wife of an Austrian nobleman and an American scientist.



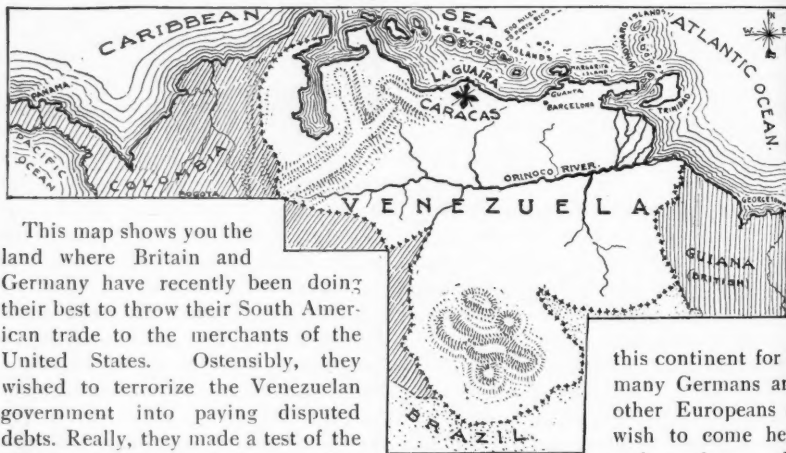
At the hour for the party they come from all the ends of "no-man's-land," in coaches, on horseback, or afoot, dressed in costumes that would be the despair of any stage manager, but which in no degree baffle the imaginative genius of childhood.

A "boy book" of another sort is *The Boy: How to Help Him Succeed*, by Nathaniel C. Fowler, Jr. It is a far cry from Fairyland to twentieth century America; yet some of the experiences of the three hundred and nineteen men who contribute to the text of this book were almost as wonderful as any fairy tale. Here are men who have risen from poverty and obscurity to power scarcely less amazing than that conferred upon Aladdin with his magical lamp. *The Boy* is a book for parents, for teachers, for all who are shaping the character of the young. The boy of fifteen years

or more may study its pages with profit; he will almost certainly—if he be an average American boy—read with fascinated interest the “life experiences” of the regiment of distinguished and successful Americans who have taken time to tell, for his benefit, how they won success in vocations as widely varied as the stage and the pulpit, the factory and the college class room. *The Boy* is published by the Oakwood Publishing Company, 29 Pemberton Square, Boston. Its price is \$1.25, express prepaid, and it is well worth the scrutiny of all to whom its message appeals.

The revised constitutions of the southern states “put a premium on education and thrift,” as Booker T. Washington phrases it. The fact that most of the negroes have thereby been disfran-

chised need not signify their perpetual exclusion from political privileges enjoyed by other citizens. Personally, I do not believe that any man has a moral right to say that any other man, born a citizen, sane and not a criminal, shall not vote, no matter what the extent of his book learning or his prosperity. Judging from the statutes of the states on this subject, I hold this opinion with a minority so small as almost to be “one with God”—quoting our friend Mr. Baer of the Reading. Wherefore, it appears, the best thing for the colored brother South to do is to get suddenly busy in pursuit of the white man’s learning and the white man’s property. The generation that forcibly annexes foreign territory has no sentimental pity to expend upon anyone. Our national motto just now reads, “Root hog or die.”



This map shows you the land where Britain and Germany have recently been doing their best to throw their South American trade to the merchants of the United States. Ostensibly, they wished to terrorize the Venezuelan government into paying disputed debts. Really, they made a test of the Monroe doctrine, and they found it still stout as a steel bow. “Divine right,” in the person of the Kaiser, has carried a chip on its shoulder for Uncle Sam’s eye for a long time past. Uncle Sam is too smart to pay any attention to dares. But he will call a swift and certain halt to the first step across the Monroe Doctrine. There is room and a most cordial welcome on

this continent for as many Germans and other Europeans as wish to come here and exchange the

station of Subject for that of Citizen. There is no room here for “divine right.”

As for the German and British claims against South American countries—the Hague arbitration court is the proper place to settle them. Uncle Sam will see to it that the other American republics obey the decrees of that court, if they are to enjoy our protection.

THE LATE THOMAS BRACKETT REED, THE "GREAT SPEAKER."

Born October 18, 1839; died December 7, 1902. Assistant paymaster U. S. Navy, Maine legislator, city solicitor of Portland, congressman 1877 to 1899, speaker of 51st, 54th and 55th congresses, author of "Reed's Rules" and editor of "Modern Eloquence." Not a notable orator, but a splendid debater. Tried for the republican Presidential nomination, but was defeated by McKinley in 1896.



The Month in Europe

By C. A. LUHNOW

POLITICAL barometers indicate an infectious tide of fraternity and reconstruction sweeping over and enveloping all Europe. While royal embraces are being exchanged at Sandringham, at Reval and between the less distinguished rulers of Balkan states, the diplomatic forges appear to be in full blast to cement stronger international relations. "Newspaper wars," as Bismarck termed the periodical scares circulating through the press and picturing the dread approach of violent international disturbances, come and go, but to all keen observers of contemporary affairs in Europe, the conviction grows stronger from time to time that rational men control the helms and preserve peace despite popular grumblings and new international estrangements. But it is nevertheless true that while the diplomats of the European courts find their task an easy one these days, the domestic and colonial affairs of the big nations flame up lurid and threatening.

While Mr. Chamberlain is destined for South Africa on the magnificent warship *Good Hope*, determined to analyze the South African embroglio at close range and further the policy of imperial federation, the British isles are in a state of turmoil rarely witnessed. Ireland is under martial regime. Nearly one-third of Redmond's fellow Irish parliamentarians are under lock and key, and the coercive policy of the British government, to solve the Home Rule issue of Ireland, promises once more to be abortive. The Balfour government trembles before the popular revolt against the educational

bill which foreshadows a liberal victory and the effacement of the Balfour premiership. The British military expedition in Somaliland against the "Mad Mullah" is only a flash in the pan compared to the serious political aspects of the Irish and educational issues at home.

Nevertheless, the magic word "recon-

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, BRITISH COLONIAL MINISTER
NOW VISITING SOUTH AFRICA



struction" passes from rank to rank in the British empire. It gives the cue to the policy of the Balfour regime and the trip of the colonial minister to South Africa. "Reconstruction" is the word passed to the war office, to the colonial office, to the ranks of industrial and commercial representatives who witness their prestige gradually slipping away alongside the gigantic strides of the United States and Germany as industrial and exporting nations. King Edward and all England crave peace. Although from now on England will take a more aggressive attitude in world affairs, as indicated in the cooperation with Germany in a naval demonstration before Venezuela and the revival of a stiff policy in the Balkan states and Orient, it is with a view of repairing the fences that have

been trampled down while all energies were concentrated upon South Africa.

Kaiser William's visit to King Edward at Sandringham was a signal success in so far as it revealed the genuine friendship between uncle and nephew, as well as the abilities of the Kaiser as a Nimrod. From a political viewpoint, the visit was impotent and a failure. William's visit was an earnest attempt to patch up the rents in Anglo-German relations caused by the pro-Boer agitation in Germany. It escaped general observation that Delcassé, the French minister of foreign affairs, recently entered into mutual negotiations with Lord Lansdowne to submit all issues between France and England to arbitration. But it had not been overlooked by the lynx-eyed German Kaiser, who is jealous of any approaches made by England toward its traditional enemy. The Kaiser had not come to England to intercept the King of Portugal and together with King Edward discuss the secret treaty regarding Portuguese territory in South Africa, although it is now certain that England will take advantage of this treaty to make sure its lordship over Delagoa Bay and the Portuguese territory bordering its new South African domain. Kaiser William had no intention of discussing the evacuation of China by foreign troops, as this proceeding is already in progress with the Japanese as the first to leave. Kaiser William's purpose was to test the political and popular relationship between his empire and England.

The German monarch returned to Potsdam, realizing more clearly than ever that hopes of a closer alliance with England must be abandoned for the present at least. He had hardly stepped from the royal train when the tragic news was conveyed to him of the death of Privy Councillor Friedrich von Krupp, the famous descendant of the

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF KAISER WILLIAM II., IN THE UNIFORM OF THE "DEATH HEAD" REGIMENT



line of "Cannon Kings" of Essen. It is not often that a nation is so deeply stirred as was Germany by the announcement of von Krupp's sudden demise under circumstances, which aside from their purely pathological aspects, must make the leaders of the empire call a halt to the policy of the social democratic and revolutionary propagandas of Germany. The death of Krupp was due without doubt to the sensational attack of the Vorwaertz, the mouthpiece of the social democratic party, edited by Bebel, Singer, Stadthagen and other luminaries of the party. For months the press of Italy had hinted at strange proceedings on the island of Capri, where Krupp spent several months each year. Then came the alleged "expose" of the Vorwaertz. Suicide was the thought which passed through all minds when Krupp's death at Essen was first made known. But the medical bulletins left no doubt that death had been caused by apoplectic strokes. The funeral cortege, winding its way in the darkness of the night and by the light of flaring torches with the Kaiser and notables of the empire marching solemnly behind the funeral carriage from the heights of Villa Hugel to the humble shanty in which the first of the "Cannon Kings" labored night and day against poverty and mishaps, was a picture for the painter. Krupp lies in the quiet, lonely little churchyard beside his father, and soon other matters will turn attention away.

But the tragic Krupp incident serves to inflame once more the bitter feud between the reactionaries of the empire and the loyalists. The Reichstag election are drawing near and the Kaiser himself has taken the field to destroy the social democratic propaganda, which he regards as the greatest peril endangering the security of the throne. The social democrats expect to corral 3,000,000 votes at the next Reichstag elections, and, des-

pite the limited election suffrage laws, hope to capture a majority of the seats of the popular assembly. The tariff fight, which had absorbed general attention, becomes a secondary issue.

The revolutionistic fever, which breaks out in France sometimes upon very slight provocation, has resigned itself to more calm moods after the clerical campaign. The Combes ministry had a hard battle, but it succeeded in carrying to a conclusion the fight which the Waldeck-Rousseau cabinet feared to undertake. Combes succeeded not only in depriving the clericals and the ultramontane mischief makers of their ammunition, but consolidated the republicans, who had been split into factions. Not to be underestimated was the assistance rendered by

PRIVY COUNCILLOR FRIEDRICH VON KRUPP, THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN BEFORE HIS DEATH



the Vatican itself and especially by the strong friend of France, Rampolla. The clericals and ultramontanes are now at work to repair their losses, by the repeal of congregational rights, through the "free tuition law." But the backbone of their resistance has been broken and the republicans triumph over the ultramontanes and their allies.

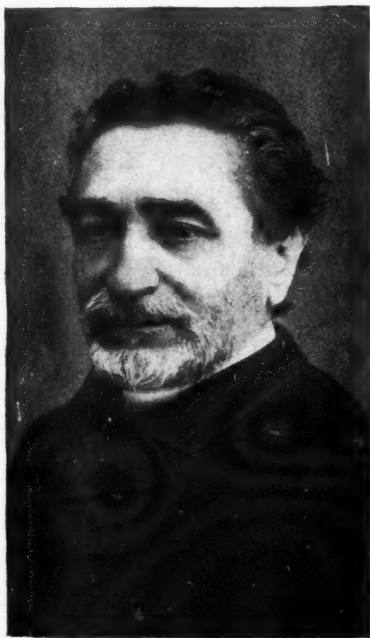
The Spanish parliament has been the scene of remarkable disturbances, due to the popular reaction against Sagasta's rule. King Alphonso will doubtless be obliged to entrust the future reconstruction of the cabinet to a conservative, as the victories of the latter pronounce the doom of the liberal cabinet in the not distant future.

Hardly less exciting have been the demonstrations in the Vienna chamber of deputies of the Slavic and the anti-

Pan-German elements, who oppose the bill brought in by the government. The illness of Kaiser Franz Joseph of Austria brings near again the visions of the inevitable crisis which must ensue when this peace loving monarch ceases to reign and the rule of the Hapsburgs is to be made the object of a combined assault.

Poor little Servia, with its feeble minded ruler, is steadily coming nearer to the outbreak of a revolution which will seal the fate of the present administration. In Hungary the conflict between the reactionary and the progressive parties has been subjected to a period of truce for five months by the adjournment of parliament, giving the government a respite and opportunity to prepare for the coming elections. In Belgium, also, there are revolutionistic symptoms owing to the disturbances between capital and labor, which are aggravated by the domestic difficulties of the royal house.

SENOR SAGASTA, WHO FORMED THE NEW SPANISH MINISTRY



In Russia the peasant outbreaks and the insurrection in the army gives plenty of anxiety to the government leaders. Within the last few months the Czar created much stronger sympathy in his behalf; but late reports of his mental condition and the affliction of a fatal malady seem to indicate that the reins will soon be transferred to the hereditary crown prince, who is responsible for most of the popular and nihilistic uprisings. Russia's policy in the Asiatics is a drifting one just now, as it is also in the Mediterranean. Minister de Witte returned from his overland visit of inspection and is now mainly busy with a plan for the improvement of Russian finances.

In Italy, likewise, the government is taking steps to relieve the suffering of the southern provinces which were visited by Zanardelli. The piratical disturbances in Turkish waters have also been settled.

BERLIN, Nov. 27, 1902

On a Special Train Through Mexico

By *JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE*

SOMETIMES I think Americans overlook the fact that Mexico is a great and important portion of the continent. The awakening of interest that centers today in the republic to our south, and which is well reflected in the articles on Men and Affairs of Modern Mexico, now appearing in the *National*, is not a mere passing fancy but a substantial growth, based on expanding investments and trade by the people north of the Rio Grande with their neighbors south of that stream. It is all a part of the natural working out of the American spirit of travel and investigation. What was done by force of arms in conquest, by Spanish invaders, is now accomplished by the bustling American tourist, who goes about with his ears and eyes well poised and focused, and who, instead of devastating a country to obtain its rich treasures, develops its industrial, agricultural and mineral resources, so that the country prospers with the "invader."

American tourist invasion has meant much to modern Mexico; I firmly believe the best seed sown for Mexico, and for American investment in that country, has been sown by the famous Raymond & Whitcomb special train excursions to Mexico. These tours have been notable events in the travel calendar for eighteen years past, and the special trains to leave Boston, New York and Philadelphia, and joined by others en route, on January 29 and February 19, will be notable events.

Only a limited number of passengers are taken and the trip is without doubt the best conducted in the world; these tourists are going to a foreign country that is also American. And all those

who have traveled in foreign lands know what the American method of travel is, by way of comparison. Mexico can be seen in no other way so satisfactorily and comfortably; in no other way can one get so clear an understanding of the enormous extent to which American brains and dollars are developing Mexican resources. The appointments are simply regal—the tourist enjoys all the comforts and luxuries of the greatest magnate in company with intelligent and thoughtful conductors and congenial associates—for it is an axiom in the travel-world everywhere, that Raymond & Whitcomb parties are always made up of the best people.

This well known firm is virtually the pioneer tourist company in America. And well I remember hearing seasoned travelers tell of the early days when Mr. Whitcomb himself was in charge of the parties, and how keen he was always to anticipate the wants, comforts and luxuries for his people; and, above all, how he would watch ceaselessly for the safety of his party. This same spirit still prevails in a Raymond & Whitcomb party, and the pioneer has lived to see his methods win the first place in the confidence of tourists.

Now, if you have made any investments in Mexico or desire to see the country with a view to investing there; or if you merely wish to pass a delightful holiday, send a letter at once to Raymond & Whitcomb Co., Boston, mention the *National Magazine* and of course that insures you the best of everything. Remember there are only two special trains, and if you wish to have the trip of your life make your plans accordingly. New routes and

new places of interest are constantly being added to the itinerary, which includes, as a matter of course, halts at our own principal southern cities. The journey over the Tampico branch and a stop at the quaint old city of Guadalajara is a glimpse into a storied past such as no crumpled ruins of Europe can parallel. The excursions from the City of Mexico are comprehensive and give a delightful contrast of scenic grandeur and historic interest which cannot be equalled elsewhere.

With its wealth of antiquities and wonderland of tropical beauty, Mexico, the land just across our border, furnishes a contrast to the life and customs of Anglo-Saxon America, that even the most remote sections of the world cannot afford. The whole land is saturated with historical interest, dating back not only to the time of the early Spanish conquests, but to the pre-Columbian era, with its still well preserved deserted temples and ruins eloquent of an obliterated people, whose story is shrouded in mystery. These strange and fascinating scenes are coming to have a keener interest for Americans than the beaten paths of Old World travel, and with good reason, since the Old World, even in Egypt, has nothing of equal interest. The tour is comprehensive and made with the cooperation of the officials of Mexican Central and other leading railway lines of Mexico. The traveler will not be handicapped by a lack of familiarity with the Spanish tongue, as the corps of Raymond & Whitcomb guides, interpreters and conductors make communication easy and smooth away all difficulties that may arise from this source.

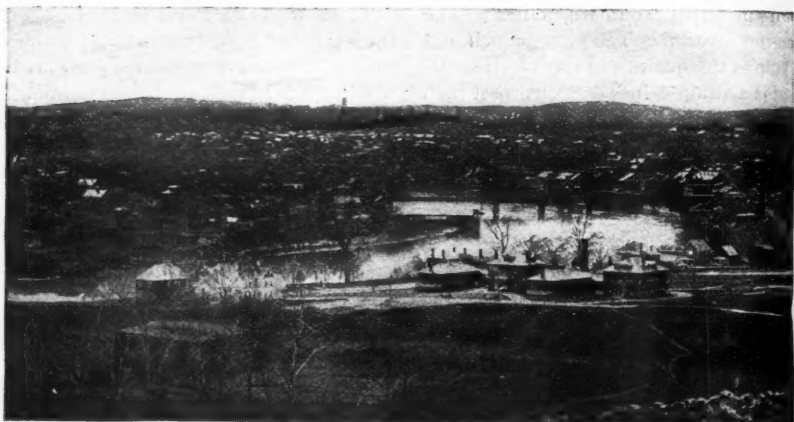
To describe the complete appointments of these special train parties involves a description of the finest train service accommodations in the world. Pullman sleepers, special diners, observation and buffet practically under one

roof in a solid, wide, vestibuled train—no hotel could be more complete or comfortable.

Three weeks of travel in Mexico, on the Raymond & Whitcomb train, enables one to see as much as a three years' visit would cover in the days before railroads. You see not only the growth that has been made under the masterly guidance of President Diaz and his associates in recent years, but you trace the marches of American soldiers in the days of Scott and Taylor; you see where Cortez drove the entering wedge of Spanish dominion, and you get glimpses of the strange, far-away life of the earliest inhabitants of this continent.

A week in the City of Mexico, at the far-famed Hotel Iturbide, once the palace of an emperor, gives you a clear idea of modern Mexican official life. Here you are brought into direct touch with affairs at the capital. During the remainder of the tour meals are served and accommodations furnished aboard the special train—having the very best anywhere to be obtained. The scope of climate in Mexico cannot be easily described, but warm wraps are always necessary for the evenings in the highlands; in the tropical belts, where thin clothing is a necessity, the stay is very brief. The tour is planned so as entirely to escape the rainy months, although there is likely to be a great deal of dust. The one prime necessity set down in the Raymond & Whitcomb book is stout walking shoes. The avoidance of midday sun is urged, the same as in Italy, and drinking water is open to the usual suspicion, although it is insisted that ordinary precautions only are necessary to the preservation of health, such as every traveler knows and practices anywhere. If you are at all interested, send to Raymond & Whitcomb Co., 305 Washington street, Boston, for a booklet giving complete details of the trip—and mention the National Magazine.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAVERHILL, WITH HALE HOSPITAL IN THE FOREGROUND



Haverhill, Queen City of the Merrimack

By *HOWARD H. GAGE,*

Secretary of the Haverhill Board of Trade.

HAVING its sources in the snow-capped hills of the White mountains, and from the beautiful Lake Winnepesaukee, the Merrimack river flows through the grandest parts of New England, and not the least beautiful part lies through Haverhill to the sea, as a sail down its waters from this city, that can be taken during the summer months on a finely appointed excursion steamer, has demonstrated to thousands of tourists.

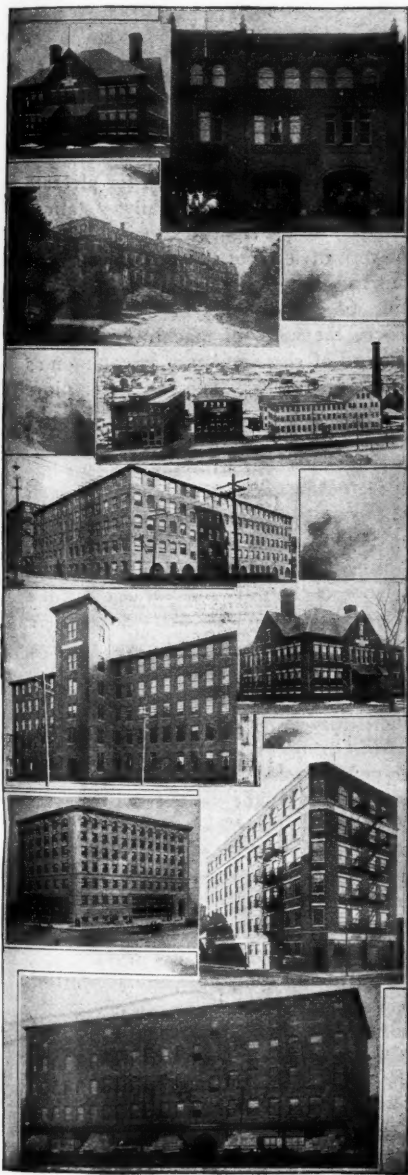
Haverhill lies eighteen miles from the mouth of the river and at the head of tide water, which is also the head of navigation for deep draft vessels; its waters have been traversed by every kind of craft, from the rough boat of the settlers, who slowly paddled up the river in 1640 to find a future home, to the commodious steamers that have carried

its freight to Boston, the hub of the universe, there to set sail for the remotest parts of the world.

Haverhill, thirty-three miles from Boston and twenty miles from Salem, the earlier settlements of the colony, was for many years a frontier town and experienced the hardships and troubles with the Indians that early brought out the heroic nature of the settlers, such as was shown by Hannah Dustin when she was captured by the Indians, March 15, 1697, an event renowned in story and song. We still have many landmarks of those stirring times, notable among them several old garrison houses, where the inhabitants collected for protection from the Indians. We also have homesteads held today by the direct descendants of men who settled here 262 years ago; but by far the most cherished of all our his-

HAVERHILL FACTORIES, SCHOOLS, AND CENTRAL FIRE STATION

Few if any other Massachusetts cities of the size of Haverhill take more pride in building substantially with enduring materials.



torical places is the birthplace of our beloved poet John Greenleaf Whittier. Here, in a comfortable New England farm house, nestled under a hill, was born the simple Quaker poet whose voice rang out so clearly in behalf of the enslaved negro, and whose religious verses have brought solace and comfort to many a troubled soul. This homestead is owned and cared for by the Whittier Home Association, and is visited by hundreds of tourists from all parts of the country, who see the old kitchen just as it was when the poet, as a boy, dreamed before the open fire.

Haverhill is preeminently a shoe town; the foundation was laid when, three years after its settlement in 1643, Job Clement started the first tannery, while today we can boast of a firm who are the largest tanners and finishers of upper leather in New England. In the early times, shoes were made by the "farmer shoe-maker," who traveled from house to house with his stock in trade, and seating himself beside the old log fireplace, proceeded to make a year's stock of shoes for the family. This process was very slow; often he stayed in one house two weeks at a time before tramping over long distances to the next customer.

Previous to 1870, shoe-making had become a permanent fixture in the place. In that year, however, the town grew ambitious and became a city, and henceforth its march has been one of industrial triumph. Before 1870, shoe-making had been conducted, as it was in every place in which that industry was followed, in small buildings, where the shoe-maker and his assistants, who seldom numbered more than one journeyman and an apprentice, turned out a few shoes daily. All the work was done by hand. When the first machines appeared, the factory grew more pretentious, and it was no unusual spectacle to see from a dozen to twenty skilled workmen employed at the benches,

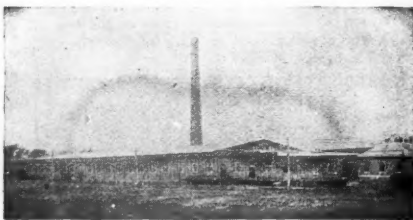
divided into teams of five men each. This epoch is today recalled by the old time shoe-maker as the halcyon time of the trade.

Shortly after the change to the municipal form of government, machinery became more generally used in the manufacture of shoes, and during the '80s it had entirely supplanted the old hand method.

It did more than that, however, it changed completely the system of manufacturing, and made the huge factory of today a necessity. Haverhill adapted itself to the changed conditions very readily, much more so, in fact, than any other shoe center in the country, the consequence being that it forged to the front with great rapidity. Huge buildings were erected solely for the manufacture of shoes, and what is locally termed the "shoe district" is the result. This is the district comprising about twenty acres, that was almost entirely wiped out by fire in February, 1882. Nearly 150 firms were burned out, with a money loss of between three and four millions. Before the flames were fairly extinguished, many of the manufacturers had secured what quarters were available in barns, shops and stores all over the city and were preparing, with the energy and courage that has always characterized the people of Haverhill, again to manufacture shoes; in forty-eight hours the work of constructing new buildings on the sites of the old ones was begun. Since that time, Haverhill has been singularly free from disastrous fires, owing largely to the fact that it has a fire department second to none outside the large cities and to the unexcelled high pressure water service.

This whole section as rebuilt is most compact and forms as attractive a scene as any person interested in the industrial appearance of a city could wish to contemplate. It gives the city an air of bustle and activity often commented on

NEW MILL OF THE HAVERHILL BOX BOARD COMPANY



by those who visit Haverhill for pleasure or profit. Being near the railway station, it is one of the sights of a trip over the western division of the Boston & Maine railroad, to strangers coming from agricultural communities or those who live where the whirr of machinery and the discord of shafting is not so common as in Massachusetts. The district employs more than 1,000 shoe-makers. The weekly shipments, as tabulated by the express companies, through which most of the output is forwarded, average about 10,000 cases, the term "case" denoting no fixed number, but including lots containing from twelve to seventy-two pairs of shoes. The annual output of all the Haverhill factories will total somewhere in the neighborhood of 20,000,000 pairs, enough to furnish every woman in the country and some of the children with one pair of shoes every year.

Most of the shoes made here are for women and children. Haverhill differs from all other shoe centers, however, in that within her borders are manufactured every style of shoe worn, from the dainty satin slipper of the society belle to the brogan of the miner, including everything between the two extremes. In the manufacture of shoes, no workmen in the world approach those of Haverhill in versatility. They are at home while working on the common, cheap variety of house slipper and they are equally at home on the finest materials, so that in its range of enterprise Haverhill is less restricted than any other city that lodges the shoe business.

PENTUCKET CLUB HOUSE, SHOWING END OF PUBLIC LIBRARY ON THE RIGHT



An interesting fact in this connection is that there is an idea prevalent in some sections that the shoe industry is rapidly removing to the West. As a matter of fact, that idea, like many others, is founded on conjecture and is exploded instantly when confronted with the solid facts as set forth by the United States statistics, which tell us that forty-five per cent of all the shoes manufactured in the United States are made right here in Massachusetts. Haverhill makes at least one-quarter of that or more than ten per cent of the country's output. It is quite likely that the shoe business will remain in the East for many years yet, especially when our large export trade is taken into consideration, and that for a long time it will furnish the bulk of the industrial history of Haverhill. For all that, the city possesses other resources and other industries. Allied with the main industry there are several manufacturers of shoe machinery, tack factories and a thread factory, the latter a comparatively new contribution to local business life; a number of last factories and heel, counter, bow and trimmings, cut leather, shoe strings, metal working and stain concerns, which derive only a portion of their support and revenue from the local trade. These ship their goods for the most part to all sections of the country and to England.

The making of hats was started here as early as 1786. Today there are two large factories, each employing several hundred persons. Hat-making is Haverhill's second industry, the city being thus able to care for the two extremes of the human body. A large woolen mill also forms a conspicuous feature of the local industrial life, and employs several hundred hands, placing upon the market a most excellent grade of women's dress goods. The manufacture of carriages, jewelry, brushes and numerous other things contribute to our general welfare. Haverhill and our border town of Plaistow make all the bricks used in its own buildings and many millions more.

Among the more recent industries to find lodgment in the city is the making of edge tools used in machinery, and recent events indicate that the acquisition is one of the most important since the first shoe-maker dropped into town over two centuries ago. The managers of the steel plant had not been at work long before they made the discovery that they had at hand the best water for tempering steel that they had ever seen, and they see in it great possibilities for the future. Haverhill should become one of the American centers for the cutlery industry, and efforts are already under way to induce manufacturers of that ware to inspect the prospects locally.

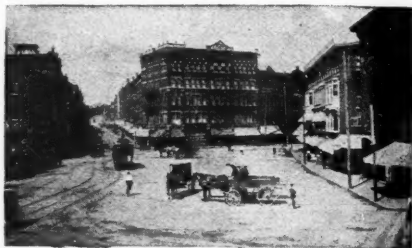
The situation of Haverhill is such as to render it a very desirable place in which to locate manufacturing industries. It is fifty minutes ride from Boston on the main line of the western division of the Boston & Maine railroad, which crosses the river running through the city from north to south, while the Newburyport branch runs east and west and parallels the river for miles. It is on tide water, only eighteen miles from the sea, and yet salt water never comes within six miles of the city proper. This

makes the river front a very desirable place in which to locate, as beside the ease and cheapness with which coal can be delivered at the doors, there is an inexhaustible supply of the very best water for boilers. This fact was readily appreciated by the owners of the Chicago Coated Board Company, who after looking at many sites in New England, decided in less than an hour after President Hayes of the Board of Trade showed them a location here, that it could not be excelled and they now have nearly completed the largest plant of its kind in the country, covering four acres of land, to be known as the Haverhill Box Board Company.

The city is one of the most healthful in the state. The annual death rate is only fourteen per 1,000 inhabitants, the average of Massachusetts being about twenty. This is due in large measure to the fact that Haverhill is built on a series of hills rising abruptly from the river, which affords a natural drainage, together with a most excellent system of sewerage the city has constructed, while we have one of the best water supplies that can be found. It is owned by the city and consists of six lakes of pure and healthful water.

Haverhill possesses an excellent public school system, a high school that ranks well with many of the preparatory schools, and a public library which is not duplicated in any city of its size in America. In population the city ranks thirteenth in the state. In addition to the public schools within her borders is Bradford Academy, the oldest seminary for young women in the country, which will celebrate its centennial next year. It is doubtful if a more comprehensive

WASHINGTON SQUARE AND STREET, SHOWING A PART OF THE "SHOE DISTRICT"



or better park system exists in any city of its size in America than that in Haverhill. There are numerous small parks, but Winnikenni, on the shores of Kenoza lake, made famous by Whittier, is the gem in the diadem.

Within the last ten years, since electric railways first made their appearance in Haverhill, the development has been wonderful. Five companies, operating lines in nine different directions, touch within a twenty-mile radius Salem to the south; Lawrence, Lowell and Nashua, New Hampshire, on the west and north; and on the east reach Ipswich and Newburyport, Plum Island, Hampton and Salisbury beaches. Within a ten-mile radius of Haverhill, and brought into close connection with it by these electric lines, is a population of 142,316. If from this are taken the people of Lawrence, which is within the ten-mile limit, there remains 62,559; but adding the people of towns that are from ten to fifteen miles away, but which make Haverhill their trading center through electric connections, the population of greater Haverhill becomes nearly 125,000.

Other things has Haverhill in utmost bounteousness, but these will give an idea of what is doing there, what the place is like and its possibilities for the future.



On Getting an Education at Home

A HOME training in technical subjects would have been considered an impossibility a few years ago. But, in the matter of educational advantages, America has advanced with as wonderful strides as in her commercial and national progress. Many a man and boy has fitted himself, by home study and the aid of night schools and private tutors, to occupy conspicuous places in the business and professional world; but his progress was comparatively slow and hampered and discouraging. Preparation for a career in railroad, mining, electrical and other technical pursuits that are to-day calling for trained workers, does not now mean a long and expensive collegiate education. A way is found to give a practical home training — the training of the technical school and the college—to working people while they work; and to give it without taxing the student's wages beyond the ability of the humblest wage earner to pay.

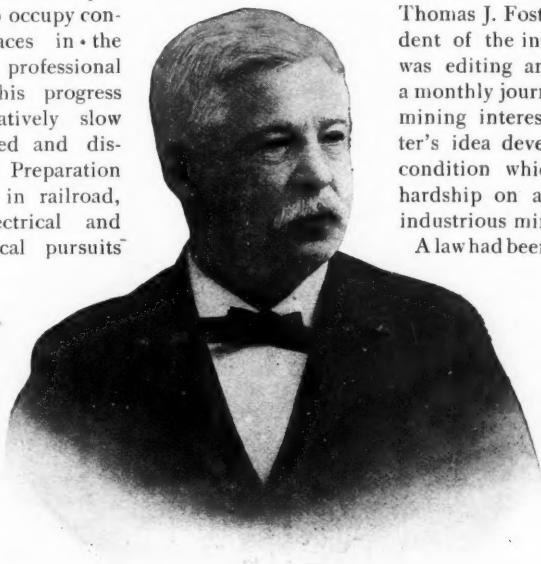
The new method, for it is little more than ten years in operation, had its birth in Scranton, Pennsylvania. It had a small beginning, but it is today the great-

est educational institution in the world. Nearly half a million students are enrolled in this unique training school. They are scattered all over the world and few of them ever see the faces of the professors from whom they receive their instruction. The institution is known as the International Correspondence Schools. It was founded by Thomas J. Foster, now president of the institution, who was editing and publishing a monthly journal in the coal mining interests. Mr. Foster's idea developed from a condition which laid great hardship on ambitious and industrious miners.

A law had been passed by the

Pennsylvania legislature in 1885, requiring mine foremen to pass examination on their competence before being granted a foreman's license. A question

and answer column was started in the Collier Engineer, published at Scranton by Mr. Foster, the aim of the column being to promote discussion concerning the practice and theory of coal mining. By study of this column, and such text books as were available, many miners were enabled to obtain certificates of competence as mine foremen.



THOMAS J. FOSTER, FOUNDER AND PRESIDENT
OF THE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

From a single short course on coal mining, the list of subjects taught has developed, till it now embraces over a hundred distinct lines of study, including such widely distinct courses as modern languages, mechanical drawing, design, the English branches, chemistry, railway signaling and air brake systems, steam and civil engineering, mathematics and mechanics, architecture, navigation, electrical engineering, telephony and textile industries. All these are taught, by mail, as successfully and practically as in the leading colleges and technical schools.

In the main buildings of the schools at Scranton are forty-four principals and assistant principals who rank with the highest in their respective professions, a body of teachers that compares favorably with the faculty of any college or technical school. These heads of departments have associated with them 358 experts and examiners, whose duty it is to make the first corrections of the recitation papers that come in from the students.

The average student must economize both time and money. He wants direct, dependable, money earning knowledge. The I. C. S. meets these wants with its special instruction papers, and right here is the kernel and key to the success of its method. Written

and illustrated in the first place, with the greatest care, they have been revised, rewritten, simplified and modified to incorporate new discoveries and new methods, until today they are as nearly perfect as expert skill and study can make them.

These pamphlet text books of ten to one hundred pages, each consisting of one lesson, and of a size to be conveniently carried in the pocket for study in the noon hour or in odd moments, are sent to the pupil in regular order, one at a time. Then, as the student masters



VIEW OF MAIN BUILDINGS

them, and proves his mastery by his answers on the test examination blank which accompanies each paper, he returns them to the schools to be checked and corrected by the teachers. All errors are carefully marked, difficult points made clear and letters of explanation written as often as required.

In order that no defect in his tools may handicap their student, the International Correspondence Schools furnish with the chemical scholarship a full laboratory outfit; the electrical courses include testing and demonstrating apparatus; drawing students get full sets of fine drawing instruments and materials.

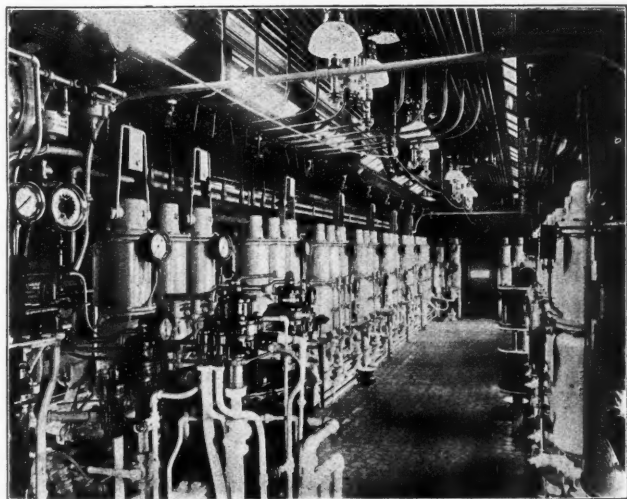
The International Correspondence Schools first introduced the phonograph in teaching modern languages to pupils at a distance. The student of French, German or Spanish is furnished an improved Edison phonograph accurately reproducing the conversation made on the wax by the native French, German or Spanish professor. The student recites on blank cylinders furnished by the schools so that really the "natural

method" of teaching a language has been adapted to correspondence.

Every year the International Correspondence Schools have grown greater in enrollment, equipment and methods. The growth was comparatively slow up to 1896. Then the success of the method had been proved by the success of the graduates and increase took place by leaps and bounds. In 1896 the schools had only 8,500 pupils; in 1897 they had 35,000; in 1901, 262,000. At present they have 420,000 pupils and new ones are coming in at a rate of 10,000 a month.

The strangest and quite the most interesting department of the work of the International Correspondence Schools is the method of giving instruction to railway employes in the practical operation and management of locomotives and air-brake and train apparatus. In addition to the regular correspondence, stereopticon lectures and air-brake demonstrations are conducted in private instruction cars. Each car is fitted with a steam boiler, and air pump and a full air-brake equipment for a six-coach passenger train.

The railroads haul these cars without expense to schools or students, in order to encourage their employes to better their practical knowledge; and the I. C. S. is now conducting railroad instruction on seventy railroads of the United States. There is a constant demand for the graduates of this great school.



VIEW FROM FRONT OF CAR 105, SHOWING ARRANGEMENT OF BRAKE VALVES



IT was a bitter cold afternoon in December. The blizzard had already delayed street cars on Huntington avenue in Boston. A business appointment had called me up that way, wrapped in a heavy ulster, and my thoughts went out to the thousands who must have been suffering from cold, owing to empty coal bins and the scarcity and high price of fuel. As the bitter winds stung my ears, these reflections made my nerves tingle with indignation. Stray thoughts passed through my mind as I ploughed through the piling snow drifts as to what are, after all, the things really worth while in this life. Is it really the desire for wealth and comforts, necessities and luxuries that impels us on and on in this maddening chase for gold, chattels and distinction? Is it the fascination of the chase, as with the huntsman and hounds, or is it just the impelling force to liquidate our already discounted anticipations? The trolley wires whirled in the storm, and the stray pedestrians on the street scurried along the lee side, as if to dodge the snowy squalls sweeping up and down the avenue.

In front of Symphony Hall I saw a battalion of musical students — young men and bright American girls—braving

the storm to attend the Friday afternoon Symphony concert. For a moment I stopped to look at this Mecca of musicians and the impulse came upon me to stop and enter, as I would a cathedral, for a moment of rest from the battle with the blizzard and business flurries. What! An American business man to stop while it is yet day and waste time on music? Visions of the satires upon long haired, pink tea poets and one of Editor Bok's "cissy" men came before me. Well, I paid the twenty-five cents to a sad faced and chilly door-keeper and passed within the portals of Symphony Hall in broad daylight. The curtain hoods drawn over the windows shut out the lowering grayness of the storm. The rectangular hall, with its long double decked balconies rail-topped with red, suggested the saloon decks of fairy steamers, and the great organ back of the Symphony's ever faithful "old guard" loomed up like a giant steam radiator defying all the terrors of polar currents. Conductor Gericke, with a characteristic jerk of his head and subtle motions which flashed electric response from string, reed and drum, was rushing the accelerando on the close of Listz's symphonic poem. The rich harmony transported me. The dozen classic statues in the niches overhead appeared to blink

sympathetic approval. The audience included the business man, professional man, the clerk and working man, the young women students from the New England Conservatory across the way, stenographers, society leaders—rich and poor—all devout music lovers. Here were two following an elaborate conductor's score with keen interest; others looking up a reference in some book descriptive of the number. Closing my eyes for the last number it seemed to me I had never heard so inspiring and fascinating a tale told as Beethoven's *Eroica*. The work, written in 1802, was dedicated to Napoleon, and what a prophetic life story it told! The funeral march, to me, could suggest nothing else but those closing days at St. Helena. In that brief thirty minutes the tragedy of the Little Corporal was presented as no words or printed page could present it.

Beethoven is truly the Shakespeare of music. Every phase of the human intellect and emotions seemed within his grasp, and one does not have to go further to discover the fountain-head of Wagner's inspiration. Over the stage in Symphony Hall, on a gilded lyre, is the name Beethoven—and most appropriately placed.

This symphony brought back those early days when a sainted mother gave me the first lessons on the violin. I loved the music, but oh, the drudgery of mastering six positions and conquering an obstinate and weak fourth finger. And the desire to play "tunes" rather than exercises and Beethoven's sonatas. With the tips of my fingers indented from many hours of practice, and bow arm aching from the exactions of "down bow" on the first of every measure, it was reward enough to win her smile of approval. After she had retired I would play—even the scraping seemed to lull

her—but let a false tone come, or a skip and slide on a difficult passage, and there was a word of admonition from her chamber. It was years after that I realized a sincere love for the music of Beethoven. But it all came to me as I better comprehended life's meaning and its purposes. In that symphony clustered the sweet memories of mother; in that symphony there was a revelation of the things really worth while.

As I was leaving the Massachusetts avenue entrance, dazed and under the spell of the occasion, a kindly bystander reminded me that I was going out with my overcoat on—hat missing. I went back for it, two flights up. The oval glass window panes in the red doors leading to the balconies seemed like glittering giant eyes in the softened light. The players had gone; the great auditorium was nearly deserted; but still there seemed to linger an echo, an inaudible refrain of the great symphony *Eroica*, which had vibrated in that space only a short time before. The spirit of worship came over me, and I meditated a prayer—"Help me to do something every day to make some one else happier and fill my life with those things worth while."

The Childrens' Hospital is near by, and I went. It would not do to tell you all that happened. There were the bright faces—a symphony of human love and affection. They simply filled my heart to overflowing with love for human kind and made me feel that I had done very little in life in cultivating the real things worth while. They brought to mind a little face and form that used to be in our home, and was taken away. Then I called on an elderly lady—bed-ridden. It was only for a few minutes, and a little book and a symphony program was all I left, but

what a light of pleasure shone from her eyes! Then she told me how, with those withered hands, she had played Beethoven, and attended symphonies in the old music halls; and when I told her of my afternoon it was her suggestion that I write it for you. Then an old bed-ridden sea captain—just a minute—but his hearty good cheer was refreshing. Then a telephone from the office. A hundred dictated and unsigned letters will miss the mail—let them catch the next. I went back to the office with an inspiration for a New Year's resolution. In

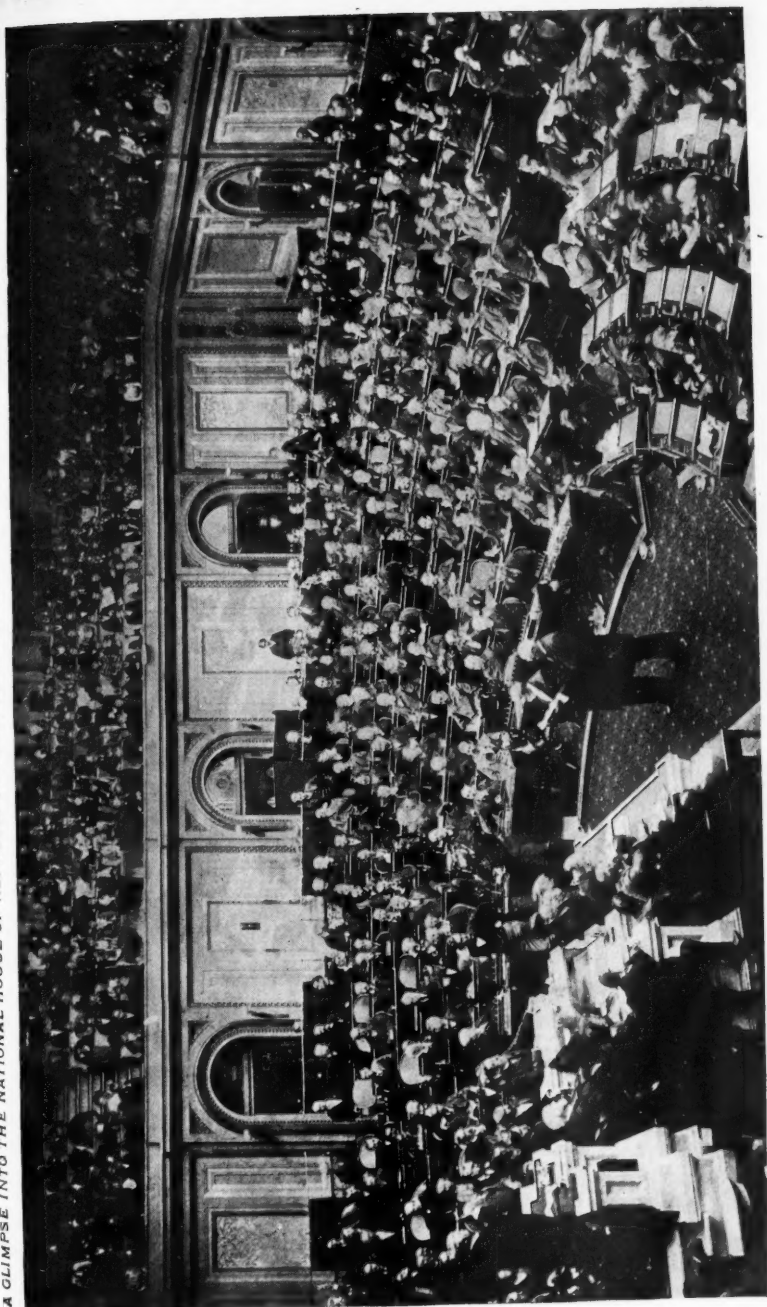
less than four hours on a blizzard day I had won more real happiness than I could express. And the sum resultant of it all is, that no matter what my shortcomings may be in other ways—no matter how the human frailties may give way under vexations of business, I am going to try to do some good to at least one person every day in 1903, and as long as I live one concrete attempt will be entered daily in the life ledger. Moreover, I mean to give more time to music—the music that stirs and inspires—and to all other things “worth while.”

SCENES IN LOWELL, THE SPINDLE CITY OF MASSACHUSETTS

Photographs by L. A. Derby; decorations by B. F. Henry of the Lowell Mail



A GLIMPSE INTO THE NATIONAL HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SHOWING THE REPUBLICAN SIDE, SPEAKER HENDERSON PRESIDING



JOHN LEWIS BATES, GOVERNOR OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

A type of the earnest, friendly, progressive New Englander of the twentieth century. Son of Rev. Lewis Benton Bates and Louisa (Field) Bates, and now at the head of the great state in which his ancestors for many generations have had their home. Graduate of public schools and Boston University. City councilman, 1891 and 1892; legislator, 1893—and five times re-elected. Unanimously chosen speaker the last three terms. Lieutenant governor in 1900, 1901 and 1902. His party's and the state's choice for governor in the fall of 1902. A Methodist, a thirty-third degree Mason and a director in many institutions, among them the United States Trust Company and Boston University. He uses neither liquor nor tobacco. His home life is ideal, his friendships legion—and sincere, for he is a comparatively poor man and he has been elected governor of Massachusetts. His friends hope to see him a senator of the United States.

